

A
BANQUET
FOR
Gentlemen and Ladies:

Consisting of NINE Tragi-Comical
NOVELS,
VIZ.

<i>The Treacherous Friend,</i>	<i>The Prodigal Reclaim'd</i>
<i>The Jealous Husbands,</i>	<i>and Virginity Restor'd,</i>
<i>The Friendly Cheat,</i>	<i>The Unfortunate Lovers,</i>
<i>Jealousy without Cause,</i>	<i>The Cruel Mother,</i>
<i>The Cuckold turn'd Confessor,</i>	<i>The Bacchanalians.</i>

Intermix'd with Several
Pleasant and Delightful
Tales and Stories.

THE FIFTH EDITION.

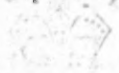
L O N D O N:

Printed for Daniel Pratt, at the Bible against
York-Buildings in the Strand. 1718.

RETURN
FOR
Gentlemen and Ladies

NOVELS

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THE
PREFACE
TO THE
Gentlemen and Ladies.

AS a House without a Sign is taken for a private Retirement, so is a Book without an Epistle; Therefore, as this is design'd for a General Banquet, it is reasonable that I hang out a Bush, as well as a Sign, to shew there is Variety of Dainties, agreeable to every one's Palate: In Truth, There's no Room for Obscenity, therefore let not the Letcher expect to put his Bawdy Fist in your Dishes. But here is that which will curb the Impetuous Desires of Hair-brain'd Fops, make Jealous Husbands love their Wives better than when

The Preface.

they were first Married: Please Youth of both Sexes, in allowing them the Liberty of their Choice, and teach unfortunate Parents better Methods than being Pimps & Bawds to their own Children, &c. This being the first Part, which if it deserves your Smiles, I shall Entertain you with greater Niceties in my second Course. In fine, you will perceive it to be most de Novo, and very Pleasant, Harmless and Innocent; no ways tending to Debauch your Manners, nor Corrupt your Reason: But every way agreeable to teach you to Love with Constancy, &c. To Conclude, several of these were never Printed before, therefore may the more excite your Curiosity now, to accept this Entertainment, from the Hands of,

GENTLEMEN and LADIES,

Your very humble Servant,

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A
BANQUET
FOR
Gentlemen and Ladies, &c.

NOVEL I.

The Treacherous Friend.

MARIA was certainly a Beauty of as good a Nature as any of her Sex, who had, like her, supported that intollerable Weight of a Maidenhead for above Three Years, being very near, if not quite Fifteen. Tho' 'tis to be confess'd that her discreet Mother (who knew her Daughter's Inclinations by her own) did not a little contribute to the Preservation of that precious Jewel, her Virginity, by her daily Lectures, and the strict Guard she kept over her for the last 3 or 4 Years. This pious Care of her Mother's, *Maria*, it seems, began to mistake at last for the greatest Severities, and look'd upon this Restraint from Infamy, or at least from a Power of ruining her self

by an over-hasty Match, as the greatest and most unsupportable Slavery imaginable; So that being arm'd and encourag'd by the Knowledge of her own Strength, that is, of a comfortable Fortune, her Father had left her, to be paid immediately upon her Marriage, she resolv'd to receive the first Addresses of any young Lover, especially if he appear'd any thing Genteel. Many were her Admirers, and as many became as thoughtful about her: But among the rest was a Citizen's Son, whose Name we will at present call *Harry*, who (as was given out) was very intimate with *Maria's* Mother's Maid-servant; and meeting her, as coming one Evening from Prayers, with this Divine and Heavenly Creature, he took the Liberty to claim Acquaintance with her; and had by that, the opportunity of seeing, and being seen by the soft amorous Beauty, who, at first sight, fell over Head and Ears in Love with him: For, to say the Truth, he was a Person every way compleat enough, for to satisfy a Lady's curious Scrutiny: However, he was not insensible that *Maria* was a pretty Gentlewoman, and might have a good Portion, the only Two Things he thought he wanted in this World: This good Opinion of her fair Fortune, made him desire his former familiar Friend to let him see her that Afternoon, between the

Hours

Hours of Three and Four, at a certain Cake-house in the Fields; which, after she had dispos'd of her Charge, she perform'd: The time being come, according to Promise, our young Lover had a Conference with the Chambermaid, of whom he learn'd what Money *Maria's* Father had left her, and how eager she was for a Husband; and 'twas there she agreed to betray that young Innocent to *Harry*, for Fifty Pounds: In order to which he Writ to *Maria* as Passionate a *Billet-doux* (or Love-Letter) as his Genius cou'd Dictate him, which his old Friend that Night deliver'd to her; an Answer to which she brought to him next Morning, which was as kind and coming as Heart cou'd wish; nay, more than any reasonable Man cou'd expect, from the first Address: For in the kind Paper, she made an Assignment of meeting him the next Morning, between Five and Six, at a Neighbouring Church, whither she wou'd pretend to her Mother, that she was then going to Prayers, with her usual Attendant; and therefore desired him to provide a Ring; for her Mother kept all her Rings, and what was Valuable, under Lock and Key. *Harry* was Ravish'd with this good Success, and had they both been in a Place convenient, he wou'd certainly have done the same by her, I mean, if she wou'd have been Ravish'd: — But

Kiss her he did most abominably, and without all shame, even before her Face. His Joy, in short, was too mighty for his Breast alone, wherefore he Posted immediately to his Bosom-friend, one *Shamley*, with whom he found a most Beautiful Young Creature, drinking *Chocolate*, in his Bed-Chamber. After he had paid Respects to his Lady, he called *Shamley* aside, and gave him to understand that he was likely to be one of the happiest Lads in Town, by to Morrow that time, making him a large Repetition of every particular Circumstance, between himself and *Maria*, desiring him withal to meet 'em about Seven next Morning, at *Knightsbridge*, which *Shamley* promised he would. *Harry* then ask'd him who that Beautiful Creature was; *Shamley* told him, 'twas his Sister (by his Mother's side) whom he had heard him speak so much of. What (cry'd *Harry*) she that has Three Thousand Pounds to her Portion? The same (reply'd *Shamley*) Ah! (return'd t'other) that I had so much a Year for her sake, I'd quit all the *Maria's* in *Christendom* for her. They then began a Discourse in common; after which *Harry* took his leave; but with a Heart so intirely taken up with the Thoughts of *Shamley's* Sister, that there was not the least Corner left for the Entertainment of poor *Maria*, at least for the space of Two or Three Hours:

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This was hard, you'll say, when (alas ! poor
 thing !) she was every Moment talking of
 him. Ah ! (cry'd she to her Attendant, then
 her Confident) what a delicate, sparkling,
 full, black Eye has *Harry* ! What a pretty
 dimple in his Chin, and what Cherry-red
 Lips. Ah ! Sweet Mr. *Harry*, wou'd I had
 thee in my Bosom. Thou art surely the
 sweetest Flower in the World ; a *Gilli-flower*,
 a *Violet*, nay a *Rose* is a meer *Piss-a-bed* to
 Thee ! Then she wou'd fall a commending
 his Wit, which, truly, was proportionable
 to her Capacity of Understanding : And she
 alone was fit to speak its due Praise.—Not
 but that, had it been the rankest Weed in
 the Field, instead of the finest Flower of the
 Garden, she wou'd have hugg'd it close to
 her little Bubbies ; for Married by all means
 she would be, and any *young Fellow* whatever,
 had he appeared any thing like a *Spark* or
Modish, would have serv'd her turnfull as well.

The Day she wish'd for arriv'd at last :
 And they met at the time and Place ap-
 pointed ; whence they set forward to the
 Incharnted Castle, where the Man in black
 makes but one of two in less than half an
 Hour, and yet he Lives. As soon as they came
 there, they sent for the Parson ; and, about
 half an Hour after, word was brought 'em,
 that he stay'd for them in the Church ; there
 according to Custom, (it seems) he asked
 'em:

em if they would have each other, to which each answer'd, I will: Then (quoth Mr. Parson again by way of Question) *Who gives this Woman to this Man?* O my Word, let me tell ye, that was a little *unseasonably* started: I must not say *improperly*, because it is in his part, and he knows his Cue: But *unseasonably* I may say, since there was no Body there to give her, but the Wench that betrayed her; and she l'll warrant would have given her to the *Devil*, for half the Moncy she expected from *Harry*. How, cry'd the Man in black, have you got never a Father? No, Sir, reply'd *Harry*, my Father and Mother both died long since, and she has only a *Mother* living now. Has she so, Sir, said *Domine*, than pray go home and desire her to get a Father for you. Why, return'd honest *Harry*, would you have the Old Gentlewoman provide her self a Husband, *to Day*, on purpose to give her Daughter to me? No, no, reply'd t'other, but I believe she'll find another Husband for her Daughter that shall provide himself a Father before he goes to Church with her; and so good Morrow to you. *Maria* was heavily concern'd at this unlucky Disappointment, and you may believe *Harry* was no less: But as they were walking pensively along from the Church to the Tavern again, whom should they meet but *Shamley* and his Sister: At the sight of
him

which Mr. gives, let start- is in nfeas- Body ray- e gi- y she Man No, ther ly a said her ho- tle- Day, ne? e'll hat oes ow his be- ere to et of m.

him *Harry* took Heart of Grace, for he was a sharp Youth, as they call 'em. Into the House they went, where he told *Shamley* privately how strangely he was Shipwreck'd in the very Port: But *now*, said he, you may retrieve all, and do her the Office of a Father. *Shamley* knew that this was specious enough; but he had a contrary Design. He told him his Sister there was so much in Love with him, that if he did not Marry her he would break her Heart, Ah! return'd *Harry*, would I durst believe you! Am I thy Friend or no, ask'd t'other? I do believe, nay I'm sure thou art, return'd *Harry*; so sure I tell the Truth, then, reply'd *Shamley*, and if thou wilt Marry her, say so. With all my Heart, reply'd *Harry*, sooner than a Queen: But how shall I come off with that poor-fond Tit there? O, said *Shamley*, leave that to me; I was only afraid that I had come too late, when I met you coming from Church. With that he left him to go to his Sister; whom, after a few Instructions, he led to *Harry*, who took her into next Room, while he made his Addresses to *Maria*. Among the rest of a Thousand Lies he told her, that his Friend *Harry* was already contracted to his Sister, whom he had forsaken for her, because she had little or no Fortune. But my Sister, by good Fortune, coming to Town Yesterday, said he, over-heard him tell

tell me his Design, of Marrying another to Day; which made her Resolve to come along with me this Morning, let the Consequence be never so bad. O Lawd! O Lawd! (cryed *Maria*, shedding abundance of Tears) I am undone for ever, what shall I do? I dare not go home to my Mother; She'll knock my Brains out for staying so long. No, Madam, but she shan't, if you will make use of my Advice. O! ay Sir, (sobbed the poor silly soul) with all my Heart. What is it Pray? why, Madam, (returned he) beholding her very amorously, and in a sweet winning Tone, if you can like my Person, and think me worthy the Honour of being your Husband, I'll Marry you within these Two Hours: And then let me see who dare injure you: I do assure you, Madam, added he, my Estate is as good as *Harry's*. With very little Difficulty she consented, rather than go home to her Mother. He then took her Hand and Kissed it, and went afterwards to call his Sister and his Friend to go along with 'em. Whilst he was gone, said *Maria* to her Attendant, O dear *Jenny*! This is a great deal finer Man than Mr. *Harry*. Ay, but, return'd *Jenny*, I must have a word with this fine Man, before he Marries you. The last word was scarce out of her Mouth, e're she met him come into the Room to 'em: She took him aside, and told him, that she expected

expected the same Reward from him, that Mr. *Harry* had promised her. What's that Child, (*said he*?) 50 Pounds (*she answer'd*) With all my Heart, with all my Heart indeed (*return'd he*) meaning *she* should expect it.) On then they trudg'd to another Privilege Place of Execution, where *Harry* first was Father to *Maria*: And then crossing the Fields, they came to another not above two Miles distant, where *Shamley* gave his Sister to *Harry*. After which they hasted to Town, and Dined plentifully together: At Night they all lay at *Shamley's*, who the next Day went to *Maria's* Mother, and demanded his Wife's Portion. The Old Gentlewoman was something surprized you may believe, and would not refund at present, but in less than a month, 'twas all paid to him; when *Jenny* demanded the 50 Pounds. Look thee, Child, (*said he*) there's a Guinea for thee, One and Twenty Shillings and Sixpence more than I owe thee: And, because thou hast lost thy Service, thou shalt stay with thy Mistress, and have the same Wages as formerly. But poor *Harry* was in the worst Circumstances of all the Five: For *Shamley* had foisted his Mistress upon him, who had liv'd with him about a quarter of a Year. And when *Harry* talked to her about a Portion of Three Thousand Pounds, she was amaz'd; and told him, truly, Mr.

Shamley

Shamley had her Portion in his Hands, which was just One Hundred Pounds, no more nor no less. *Mr. Shamley*, cry'd he, why, my Dear, you might have said my Brother *Shamley*, sure. No indeed, my Dear, returned she, I might not; for he is no Brother of mine, nor any Kin to me, and I could wish I ne'er had seen him, had it not been for thy sake. His Sister that you talk of has been Married this half Year; and I suppose her Portion is not to be paid now. *Harry* was not a little disquieted at this ill News; but he loved his Wife intirely, poor Soul; which made him bear it with the greater Patience: When he consider'd too, that he had about two Hundred Pounds of his own, which, with his Wife's Hundred Pound, would set him up well enough, in that Trade which he had served an Apprenticeship to, and was just out of his Time.

NOVEL II.

The Jealous Husbands.

TWO Gentlemen, intimate Friends, and near Neighbours here in Town, have been married some time to two Ladies, who have much Wit, much Beauty, and still more Virtue than Wit; yet as they want much

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of that Age which seems to oblige us to decline the pleasures of this Life, the harmless Recreations of the Town are things which they do not always deny themselves. Their mutual Friendship hath perhaps been the cause of their Husbands Union, who being both unmerciful nice in point of Honour, and so by Consequence intollerable Jealous, have spoilt one another utterly, by the discovery of their Temper. The poor Ladies could hardly have, leave to enjoy themselves, without the prying Company of one of the two. To speak the truth, too strict a Watch is as troublesom as it is injurious; how tenderly soever a Woman may love a Husband she doth not much delight to see him act the part of a Spy; and the Men having their select Hours, whose injoyment the Women never offer to Interrupt, they ought in Conscience to allow useles Moments to the Fair, since generally they never imploy 'em without Witnesses. Our Ladies being grown inseparable by their Friendship, and the sad Resemblance of their Fate, sometimes us'd little harmless Stratagems to steal away some Hours from their troublesome Spies. Not, as I have said, that they are Guilty of any thing that could bring their Honour into Question; but it was enough for them to know, that their Jealous Guards would be uneasy, to make them take pleasure to get from them.

A Gentleman who made his Addresſes to the Siſter of one of the two Ladies, prevail'd on them to promiſe him to take a turn in the Garden hard by the Town. The Difficulty lay in avoiding their Husband's Miſtruſt, whom they did not care to take with them. As Fortune would have it, they happen'd to be both much engaged in Buſineſs one Day: That was pitch'd upon, the Gentlemen had Notice of it, and all things were got ready, The Ladies told their Husbands that they would viſit a Friend a Mile or Two out of Town, and come back at Night. Upon this, one of them deſires them to put off the Viſit till the next Day, that he might bear them Company, and eaſe himſelf a little from the daily preſſures of Affairs. The Ladies would by no means conſent to this. Juſt as they argued the Caſe, in came that Lady's Footman, to tell them that ſhe was in Town, and would come and paſs part of that Afternoon with them. This mightily broke their Meaſures. Well, Diſſemble they muſt; the Lady comes and ſtays an hour or Two with them at Play before they could get Rid of her Handsomely. As ſoon as ſhe is gone they pretended a Head-ach, and nothing but a turn in the Park can eaſe them of it. The Coach is got ready, -and they go: But the Husband, whom their eagernels to go out of Town without him, had already made

made somewhat Uneasy, causes them to be dogg'd by a little Dark Fellow, who follow'd them into the Park, where they left their Coach, and after a short walk saw them come out, and get into a Hackney, that Posted with them to the place appointed. The Spy saw them go in there, and then with all speed ran to inform the Husband of all this. This was a deep wound to one so Jealous you may swear. He runs to his Partner in Jealousy, tells him their common Disaster, and causing him to leave his Affairs unfinish'd, tho' they were of Consequence, hurries him to the place where the Ladies were. They found means to get into the Yard unseen, and thence sily convey'd themselves into the Garden, whence they could see what pass'd in the Parlor, where the Ladies, the Gentleman of the House, and a Friend of his were. They got near the Windows under the shelter of some bushy Trees, where they made a very odd figure, for tho' they could observe nothing that look'd like an Intrigue, the Gentlemen using their *Wives* with much Respect, yet they seem'd too Merry to them in their Absence, and they did not care that they should appear lovely to any but themselves.

Supper being done, some Hautbois which the Gentlemen had got, went into the *Garden*, where the Company follow'd them,

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The Husbands, who had a mind to see what all this would come to, retired to an Arbor, where they hid themselves. After a Turn or two the Ladies sat down, and one of the Gentlemen Officially offers to set to rights the Handkerchief of one of them, that was falling from her Neck. Her Husband, who sees this, is out of Patience, and will needs break out, but is stopped by his Friend, who hath need to be stopt himself a Moment after, at the least Whisper that passes between his Lady and the other. Never were Jealous Husbands more tormented, the one Stamps, the other Curses. They scratch their Foreheads, pluck the Leafs off the Trees, and bite them for mere Madness; nay, 'tis said, that one of them was like to have Choaked himself with a Caterpillar. To Mortify them the more, the Ladies return'd into the Parlor, and the Hautbois playing on in the Garden, hinder'd them from coming near the Window, to see what past there. Being late, our Ladies would not stay there long, so the Gentlemen waited on them to the Park, where their Coach stayed for them. In the mean time, one of the Hautbois, stepping into the House to ask for something, brought Word to his Companions, that he could not tell where the Company was gone. Judge how the Husbands lik'd this News, their Jealousy

sug-

suggested the worst of things to them, and imagining that their Wives had shut up themselves with their Lovers, into some Closet, they ran into the House like Mad-Men, went up Stairs, searched every Room, and pry'd into every Corner, and meeting with a Door that was shut, they used all their Strength to break it open. The Noise alarm'd the Servants, and one of 'em observing them at last, Cry'd out *Thieves*, and put the whole Neighbourhood in an Uproar. A mighty Mob with Halberts, Rusty Swords, and more dangerous Weapons, beset them immediately, and away they were hurrying them to the Justice, by which time one of the Gentlemen was returned from waiting on the Ladies, who came straight to the Justice's, and discover'd the Intrigue privately unto him; whereupon, our Husbands were dismissed, and went straight home, fretting and biting their Nails for Madness. However, Resolving for the future never to be severe with their Wives, but allow them their own Liberty, which they themselves saw was not beyond Modesty and Honour.

NOVEL III.

The Friendly Cheat.

NOT far from Old Verulam, Lived Sir Frolick Wanton, Sir Wilding Freelove, and Tom Goodstead: They were all Three much of an Age, and brought up together. They Lay together, Play'd together, Boarded together, and sometimes Quarrelled together. They went to Oxford together, they had one Tutor, they Studied together, and were often Drunk together. Only in this the Knights were before the Gentleman; they were Noblemen at the University, and he was a Gentleman-Commoner: As they only Studied for Fashion-sake, you may swear they stay'd not much longer to exchange their College Life for a Married one, than till they were at Age. Sir Frolick Wanton, was undoubtedly the happiest Husband in Christendom, in every Man's Opinion but his Own. His Lady, besides a World of Beauty, Guided by a Heaven of Virtue, brought no small Addition to his Fortune. Sir Wilding Freelove, much at the same time, entered the same Bonds; yet not altogether so advantageously, though he had with his Lady a good share of Beauty, a great deal of Gayety and Cunning, and the nearest Resemblance of the greatest Virtue. Their Friend Goodstead,

head, we may believe, was at these Nuptials, and a little after entertained them not so much at his Cost, as with his Happiness, when he had with his Wife whatever Heart can wish. He had but just tasted the Joys of Conjugal Love, as his Friends were fated. They had already but too frequently violated their Vows in Matrimony, and were only sorry that the Law obliged each of them to Live in the same House with a modest Woman; which they took indeed as much care to avoid as possible, sitting up the best part of the Night abroad, and lying abroad all Day when their Ladies went a Visiting, or to take the Air. At the end of the first Year, the Lady Freelove was brought to Bed of a Daughter, which though it Died soon after, however was some small satisfaction to Sir Wilding; and I think he stay'd at home all the Christning day, thanks to his Friends, Sir Frolick, and Goodstead, who obliged him with their Company. Late at Night, or rather early the next Morning, when the Sparks and the Neighbouring Gentlemen, had helped to make one Christian, and themselves Beasts, by throwing down as much good Wine as would set up a Vintner, they parted. Goodstead went home with his Lady, and so did Sir Frolick with his: But coming to their Bed-Chamber, said Wanton, Here, Madam, I must leave you: I have Business of Moment to dispatch elsewhere ---- I wish you a good Repose. ---- Hold, Sir Frolick, cryed

cried his virtuous Lady, *You mistake sure For you can have no Business elsewhere, at this unseasonable Hour. ---- This mistake is your's Madam, Reply'd he, for I am going to get a Boy to Freelove's Girl, which I am sure you cannot help me to, ---- And so Bonas Noches Sweet Lady. But if in the mean time you can provide your self of any Gallant Man to supply my place, he has my Voice, and I wish he may beget his Fellow; so once more in plain English Good-night, or Good-morrow, Madam. And with that he left her to make use of her admirable Patience, which forbade her to reply but in Tears. From that sweet heavenly Creature, he went to a little, pitiful, hellish piece of Harlotry that he kept somewhere in Town, to which both Sparks had removed from the Country for a greater Opportunity of indulging themselves in those National Sins, Drinking and Whoring. Little did he think all that time that his Brother Libertine Sir Wilding, had a hankering after his Wife, which soon grew into inordinate desire, not to be restrained by Laws Moral or Divine, and that nothing could now satisfy him, unless he exalted the Horn of his Neighbour and Friend. All the truth is, he was endeavouring to do him the same Honour, and his roving Temper made him no less Consciencious to his Friend than his Friend was to him; so that on both sides, had they known one anothers Minds, they could not much have blamed one another for their Charitable, Neighbourly*

ourly Affections. These Inclinations, however untoward and unlawful, kept them yet from the lewd Conversation of the Town-Filles, and they could now and then endure their own Wives Company at a Game at Cards: That is to say Wanton could bear the sight of his Lady, when my Lady Freelove was present, and Sir Wilding Freelove could suffer that of his, for the sake of Wanton's. Their Flames at length grew (I warrant you) Pyramid high, and their flashing Eyes gave as good an account of their Fire in their Hearts, as the Fish-street-hill Monument does of the Fire of the City. My Lady Freelove warm'd by degrees till she took Fire too, but Wanton's Lady was all Ice. How frequent and how vain were the Attempts made by Freelove against her insuperable Virtue? He used all the Arts and Stratagems imaginable. He look'd, he sigh'd, he swore, but she would not hear him. He ply'd her with Letters, but alas! He might as well have directed them to the Virgin in the Zodiac, and she would as soon have read them, and discourse he never had more with her in private but once. On the other side, Wanton had all the Opportunities he could wish of telling his Tale; to which, tho' it were most grateful to her, the Lady Freelove gave but little Attention, till she had contriv'd how she might more securely oblige him and herself, and deceive her Husband, whose indifference, or rather Injustice, you may believe, gave her no little disquiet.

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After

After she had sufficiently tried his Passion, and by her affected Coyness, enhanced the blessing to the amorous Knight, he began to perceive that Saints can hear; for his returned him kinder Answers than before. Nor were his Addresses so managed, but the discerning eyes of his Lady soon found them out: But lest Goodstead should have been unsensible of their Intrigues, both the Knights confessed their unlawful Passions to him, and begged his assistance; which he promised to each of them separately, as they had made their Confessions. In order therefore to keep his word he went that very Afternoon to Wanton's Lodgings, and finding his Lady alone, and somewhat Pensive, perhaps disturb'd at her Husband's ill Treatment; Madam, (said he) I will not ask you the cause of your Melancholly, since I am but too well acquainted with it; I only come to tell you, that I hope to remove it, if you will be ruled by my Prescriptions. Sir, (Reply'd she) I have ever known you for a Gentleman of virtuous Principles, and shall therefore the more readily observe your Directions. In short, then, Madam, (returned he) I do advise you that you seemingly entertain Sir Wilding's next Address, and make him an Assignment of meeting him at my House in the Country, to morrow at Ten of the Clock: Leave the rest to me, and be assured, that not my own Wife's Honour shall be more sacred to me, than your Ladship's. 'Tis hard, Sir, (Reply'd she) to consent to such

a thing, but possibly you foresee the necessity of it, and therefore I shall endeavour it. I do, Madam, (returned he) and humbly thank you for your promised Condescension. This is my whole Business to your Ladiship at present, so I humbly take my leave: Only trust in me, Madam, and be happy in your Husband. So he left her, and went directly to her Husband, whom he advised to oblige my Lady Freelove, to meet him the next Night at Eight a Clock, at his house in the Country, of which Wanton, after some small Importunity, obtained her promise. Goodstead, after that, had nothing to do but to find out Freelove, which he soon did; he told him that his Mistress was alone, and not a little disturbed at Sir Frolick's continued unkindness; And now (said he) you do not know what the Devil may do for you. Freelove did not so much as stay to thank him for his Counsel, but hurried away in a Hackney, to Wanton's Lodgings, where he found his Lady alone: You need not doubt but he renewed his Courtship to her, with all the earnestness of a desperate Lover, she seemed to give ear to it; so that our Knight pressing on the imaginary critical Minute after she had somewhat prevailed with her Modesty, she told him, she would meet the next Night at Nine at Goodstead's House out of Town. Ravish'd and almost extacy'd with this, he forced a kiss on her innocent white hand; and if you will believe his Oaths and Vows, his Punct-

Etuality was to out-do that of the Sun at least, and his Secrecy that of Ignorance: Thus wound up in Bliss she left him. Oh, Goodstead, Goodstead! Incomparable Goodstead (cry'd he) thou art my good Angel, well I'll e'en go sleep if I can till to morrow Noon: for if I continue long awake, I shall run Mad with Joy. Home he goes in a most pleasant humour, and such a humour as no words can express, and none but despairing Lovers feel, after a kind Reprieve, and their approaching Bliss; so Transported he was he fell a Kissing his Lady which she not a little amaz'd at this unusual Fondness, asked him the reason of: Why Madam, (said he) Recollecting himself, I shall go out of Town to Morrow, and perhaps shan't see you these 3 days, so I thought good to Kiss at parting; she on her side pretended a World of sorrow, for the loss of his dear Company, such an Age as three whole long tedious Days, and the better to carry on her Intreague with Wanton, two hours after pretended her self sick; Freelove her Husband a little after meeting Wanton (who ask'd him how his Wife did? tho' he knew it better than he) told, him, that she was sick of the Head-ach, because he was going out of Town. Gad I believe, continued he, that my evil Genius has told her in a Dream that I am to meet the finest creature breathing this very Night, and by her own assignation too, meaning the too deserving

consort of the Numerical Spark he then Spoke to.
 Hah! Cry'd Wanton, why I have a small
 business to dispatch much of the same kind,
 with the only creature in the World, whom
 I could wish to enjoy out of Town too, and
 this very Night. Bnt where, said the other,
 Oh! not far off, Replied his politic Well-wisher,
 the happy Scene lies no farther than Roches-
 ter, nor our appointed field of Combat much
 beyond Oxford. Oh, your Servant, saith
 Sir Wanton, but prithee Knight, is thy Wife
 troubled with the Head-ach? Why--Faith
 that's a bad Distemper. She told me so,
 said Freelope, and I am bound to believe it:
 Who knows but it may be the Horns I shall
 honour her with to Night, which the fond
 Fool is breeding already: Or rather those
 we shall graft upon your credulous Wor-
 ships head to Night, said Wanton.

In the Afternoon they parted, Goodstead
 was gone home before, and told his Wife, that
 upon some Jealousie that Wanton and Freelope
 kept their Mistresses not far from thence, their
 Ladies were to come down to them that Night,
 advising her withal not to take Notice of their
 being there, if the Knights should happen to put in
 at their House, as he suspected they would. To
 make short, the Lady Freelope, and Sir Frolick
 Wanton, arrived there within a few Minutes
 of one another, and his Lady and Sir Wilding
 about an hour after; tho' she was somewhat less
 Punctual than he, to her appointment. B3 The

The two *Husbands* were entertained with each others *Wives* separately at Supper, and the *Ladies* put to Bed, by Mrs. Goodstead, in different Rooms unknown to one another; and the *Officious* Goodstead, after he had beg'd *Freelove* to be as silent as possible, by reason the least noise could be heard into the next Room, out of that where he told him his *Mistriss* lay, and in the dark, for fear of a Discovery, led him into the Room where his *Wife* lay, with a pretence of bringing him to *Wanton's Lady*, and having given *Wanton* the like Caution, instead of bringing him to my *Lady Freelove's*, he lighted him into his *Wife's* Chamber, that she might see it was her *Husband* whom she was that Night to entertain. Upon his entrance she just had a glimpse of his Face, and then she slunk down lower, whilst Goodstead hurried away with the Candle, and double lockt the Door upon them; and then went himself to Bed with his *Wife*, where we'll leave 'em till Morning: For to say the Truth, I can't give you any Particulars of the Nights Engagements, with their supposed *Mistrisses*, further than that they acted on all sides with a great deal of vigour, insomuch that the two *Ladies* in little more than Nine Months after were delivered of two lusty Boys, who lived to inherit their Estates; and to both which Goodstead was one of the Godfathers. Between Four and Five in the Morning, it being then the latter end of Summer, *Wanton* was reaching to open the Curtain at the Bed's Feet,

that

that he might have the Satisfaction of beholding the Beauty of his Mistress, whom he supposed to be asleep, upon which motion his bed-fellow thought (being then on the contrary awake) that he was going to leave her, which made her say to him in a soft loving Tone, Why dost thou fly me, dear Adulterer, art thou already fated? Hah! cry'd Wanton, how the Dee'l came you here? Ask your Friend that, returned she, Ask Mr. Goodstead, now my eternal Friend, the happy Cheat is his. To confess the Truth, Madam, returned he, the Cheat is pleasant enough, for never Man was better treated by his own Wife. Thank your lewd Thoughts (replied she) O say no more, cry'd the penitent Husband, no more of that, thy Beauty, as thy Vertue, I now perceive exceeds a Thousand of those for whom I have unjustly neglected thee. This Thought gave them perhaps further Diver-
tisement; after which, they fell asleep till seven of the Clock.

Mean while Circumstances were not altogether so agreeable to Freelove, for much about Four a Clock his Wife said to her supposed Gallant, I wonder, Sir Frolick, how you will ever be able to look Sir Wilding in the Face again; for my part, continued she, I must pretend sickness still when I get home to Town, that I may keep my Bed and hide my Face, Freelove, who then but too well knew the Voice, was in a manner Thunder-struck, and

lay as in a Trance : Only he acted a Snoring to mak her think him asleep, least if he should have taken Notice of it, it might have proved of an ungrateful, if not a fatal Consequence. And in truth, he took the wisest course, the least Noise that can be made in such a case is undoubtedly the best way. She supposing him fast, address'd her self to Sleep, which held her till about seven, when Freeloze, who could then take no Rest, waked, and asked her, if she would go to Town, before or after Dinner. When you please, reply'd she, trembling at the sound of that voice, which she knew ought to have damn'd her for her Intent on. I am all Obedience to my dear unkind Freeloze : Ah ! pursued she, had it not been for your Friend Goodstead, how finely had I been serv'd ? Ay, Pox on him, returned he, he hath cheated us both. You mean your self, said she, and Sir Frolick ; for I have my wish. Be that your Comfort, cry'd he, but I am sure your Ladiship is pleas'd to lye, added he to himself aside. A little time after, they rose, and were visited by their kind Host : Oh, Goodstead, Goodstead, cry'd Freeloze, is it thus you pretend to serve your Friends ? Pretend Sir, said t'other, I have perform'd more Friendship in this, than I pretended. Ay, Sir, returned the Lady, I had else been lost for ever, had it not been for your care, Heaven knows where my roving Husband would have bestowed all his last Nights Kindnesses ; for which
you

you have my humble Thanks, Sir. I am happy that I have serv'd your Ladiship, reply'd Goodstead; A good Morrow to my honoured Friends, *continued he*, I must leave you to release two Prisoners that I have in another Room. *He did so, and was kindly received by them both.* Tom, said Sir Frolick, I shall love thee for this piece of Service, more than ever, if possible; What a lewd Adventure was I engaged in, and what a World of Mischief might have ensued? I am happy, Sir, *returned Goodstead*, that you think so truly of it. But now if you please, let us wave any further Descant of this Ground; Sir Wilding and his Lady will be glad to see you, and to know if they shall have your Company to Town. *They then followed him down Stairs into the Parlour, where they found them. They stayed till Dinner there, and then began their easy Journey to Town; where Wanton would needs take Goodstead and his Wife with him, to make him some Acknowledgements of his kindness; but my Lady Freelove was brought to Bed of a Boy, before Freelove could thank him for his Friendly Cheat.*

The PICTURE: Or Jealousy without a Cause.

IN a considerable Town in the Netherlands, an Officer of our Forces lately had his Quarters at a Lawyer's, and was used there with extraordinary Civility. When ever he came home the Lawyer was still at hand to keep him Company, and at Night, never used to leave him till he had waited on him to his Bed-chamber. Indeed the Officer deserv'd no worse an usage, if a great deal of Honour, Wit, good Humour, and a genteel Behaviour might entitle a Military Guest to so kind an Entertainment. But what store of good Qualities soever might eminently shine in him, I am very much afraid that they were less prevalent to create in his kind Landlord this unusual Hospitality, than was a selfish Principle, if we may call a Passion *Selfish*, that makes a Man study how to perplex himself, I mean *Jealousy*: For he was indeed naturally inclin'd to that frailty, and to that degree, that no Man could look on his Wife, without making him believe that he had a Design upon her. So the Complaisance which the Officer shew'd her, easily struck the Husband's touchy Imaginations, and fancying him deeply in Love with her, he only kept him Company to keep him from that of his Wife: But he was so far from

from having any such Intentions, that the continual Attendance of his Host was no Burden to him; on the contrary, finding him to be a Man of Parts, he never troubled himself with the extraordinary care he took in watching his Wife; principally, since he had no desire to Discourse with her in private. Yet all his Indifference did not ease the Husband of those Cares which his Mistrust made him suffer. The poor over-weening Man seldom fix'd his Eyes on those of the Officer, without imagining he read in them the Passion he had for his Wife; and what was yet worse, he had even perceiv'd with an additional sorrow, that he had breathed out some Sighs while he looked on her, which altogether confirmed him in his doubts. The Truth is, that the Officer seeing something in the Lady that put him in mind of a very beautiful Person in England, whom he loved passionately, those amorous thoughts had often cost him such Sighs; not that the two Ladies did in any manner resemble each other in Features, for their Faces were very different, but their Shape and Complexion were alike; And what help'd the Officer's Imaginations more than the rest, the Lady whom he lov'd so extreamly, seldom wore any thing but Blue, and the Lawyer's Wife appear'd every day in a Dress of that Colour. Things were in those Circumstances, and the Husband's Jealousy had yet only been troublesome to himself, when it blaz'd out by an Accident, as unforeseen as it was extraordinary.

One Night the Officer came home, and seem'd somewhat thoughtful; and truly he'd cause enough for't, (if a Man who has lost his Money at Play, may be allow'd to be out of humour) not thinking fit to acquaint his Landlord with the cause of his Melancholly, he pretended to be out of order, to have an opportunity to withdraw. So the Lawyer, according to his over-civil Custom, waited on him to his Apartment, and that he might not doubt but all this Attendance was meerly paid to his Merit (independantly from his own Jealousy) next Morning thought fit to visit him in his Chamber, to enquire concerning his Health. Accordingly he open'd the Door without awaking him, and stealing near the Bed-side spy'd a small Picture-case which the Officer had left on a Chair. You may easily guess it contain'd the Image of that absent Saint to whom his vows were due; he had gaz'd on it that Night, poor Gentleman, to comfort himself after the loss of his Mony.

The Lawyer, no able to withstand the Temptation of taking up the Box, eagerly seiz'd it, and having as hastily open'd it, had hardly cast his eye on the inside, when he in a great Surprise shriek'd out, which presently wak'd the Officer, who was amaz'd to see his Picture in the Lawyer's possession, but much more, when desiring to take it out of his hand, he bluntly told him, *That he should*

sooner

Sooner have his Life. Hearing this, he immediately jump'd out of Bed, slipping on his *Gown*, and having seiz'd his *Sword*, advanc'd towards the *Lawyer*, who had laid hold on a pair of Pistols that lay on the Table. He laid him on severely with the *Pommel*, whilst the other was vainly striving to fire at him, which the Officer did not much fear, his Pistols by good Fortune being unprim'd. Thus the Match being somewhat unequal, the Lawyer, who still receiv'd some Blows, cryed out *Murder*; And as *Fate* would have it, one of the Magistrates of the Town was going by, who hearing the Cry, took what Assistance he could get, and ran up to the Chamber, where our Combatants were Engag'd. There finding the Officer holding his Antagonist by the Collar with one hand, and his Sword with the other, he took care to prevent further Mischief, and having inform'd the Officer of his Authority, he commanded him to keep the Peace, upon which Proclamation, all Hostilities ceas'd. But the Officer had no sooner inform'd the *Magistrate* with the cause of the *Quarrel*, than the Lawyer hastily reply'd, *That he had a good reason for his refusing to give him back the Picture, since it was that of his Wife*, which caus'd the Magistrate, who knew her, to desire to judge of this by his Eyes; and accordingly having examined the Picture in Question, he immediately

diately joyn'd with the Officer, who said the other was blind or distracted. But he, much concern'd to find the Magistrate of the Enemies side, could not forbear asking him, *whether he was not Mad himself, and could not know his Wife in that Picture, though it were but by the colour of her Hair and her blue Dress.*

In vain he was told that the Picture having none of her Features, the likeness of Complexion and Colour of Dress, were no Evidence on his side, but rather the weakest of all the frivolous circumstantial Proofs that could be objected by the greatest Wrangler of his Profession: He, with the obstinacy of a well-fed Advocate, still persisted in his conclusions, maintaining that it was his Wife's *Picture*, and that there was some wicked correspondence between her and the Gentleman; so the Dispute grew hot, and the Plaintiff and Defendant, according to Custom, said none of the kindest things to each other, and chiefly the Husband, who being no longer Master of his Reason, gave the Gentleman the Lye, for which he very fairly returned him a Box on the Ear. To which Bill, the other gave him an Answer much in the same *Style*, which occasion'd the first to put in his Reply, and the other his Rejoynder, till the *Magistrate* bravely stepped between, loudly bidding them to keep the Peace, and for his pains receiv'd the Blows, which like random shot

miss'd

miss'd either Party. In the mean time one of the Maids, whom the noise of the second Engagement had brought thither, gave the Alarm to her Mistress, who lying backward had heard nothing of all these Civil Wars, telling her that the Officer was murdering her Master; at which dismal News, she threw her self out of Bed, wild with Fear, and almost without Cloaths, ran to the field of Battle: But it had been better for her to have staid away, for her Husband, who could not tell on whom he might vent his Fury for all this Disturbance, welcomed her with some sensible marks of his manual kindness, or in plainer *English*, with some blows on her pretty Face, to which the charitable *Magistrate* (oncemore interposing) put a stop. Now the fair innocent creature being as little us'd to such Salutes as she never deserv'd them, they occasioned in her such an Agony of Grief, that immediately she fell into a deep Swoon; and while the Magistrate and others charitably endeavoured to bring her to her Senses, the Jealous Husband sent to her Parents who liv'd hard by, bidding them to come and take home their Daughter, if they had not a mind he should Cloister her up in a Nunnery. This unexpected Compliment of their Son in Law, soon fetched them; and it occasion'd a great surprize in them when they received it, you may well
 imagine

imagine that it was a greater to them to find their Daughter in that Condition ; neither could the old Couple tell what to think, seeing their beloved Child with a single Petticoat on in a Man's Room, who was still in his Night-cap and Gown with a Magistrate by. For their Comfort, the Son in-Law did not hold them long in suspense, but soon entertained them with the same Complaints, of his Wife's Infidelity, which he had already made, and ended them with that of the pretended Gift, made by her, of her Picture to the Officer ; which the Lady, who by that time was recovered of her Fit, hearing, she demanded Satisfaction for the false Accusation, so to judge of it the Picture was shown. Now the blue Dress and light colour'd Hair being the only things wherein it was like her, the old Gentleman and his Wife, who with sorrowful Hearts had the Patience to hear their Son in-Law speak the rudest things in the World of their Daughter, could not endure to see her arraing'd upon a suspicion that had so little likelihood of Truth in it, without giving way to a Resentment answerable to the Affront. Accordingly the Mother first flew at the mistaken Husband, laying hold on his Natural Perriwig, and while she, had tore his Hair with one Hand, and embroidered his Face with the Claws of the other, to the utter Disgrace of his Countenance,

nance, the Father on his side, was doing his best, to make him feel that he did not use to be abus'd with impunity : In the mean time, the Wife, lost in Grief and Amazement, at the sight of Battle, wherein the Three Persons for whom she had the greatest Regard, were engaged, cryed out for Help, without joyning with either Party, till at last, some Neighbours caused these Hostilities to cease, and that Truce, like all others, produced Negotiations and great Debates about the cause of the War ; after all, the Circumstances that had occasioned the Husband's Suspicion, were found ridiculous, and every one blamed him ; but he on his side, pretended that every one was to blame, and taxing them all either with Ignorance or Partiality, sent for the most famous Painter in the Town, as the fittest and most competent Judge in the Case. Well, the Painter came, and the Picture was put into his hand by the Husband, who at the same time desired him to look on it, and then on all the Women in the Room, (for by that time several women were come thither) and then inform the Company, whose likeness it was, the *Painter* did so, and then told him freely that it was not like any one there. But the Lawyer less satisfied than before, having hastily ask'd him whether he could deny that it was his wife's *Picture* he no sooner replied that it resembled her

her less yet than any one of the rest, but with two or three blows on the Face, and some half dozen more where they could hit, the husband return'd him thanks for his answer. As this was too much for Flesh and Blood to bear, it would have caus'd a fourth Battle, had not the Beholders taken off the husband and laid hold on him as a *Mad-man*, so they stopt his Hands but not his Tongue; for he charged the Painter with being concern'd in the Intrigue, and said that he had drawn the Picture, though, being Bribed by the Officer, he acted his Part to conceal the Truth. The Painter on the other Hand, vow'd that he would have Satisfaction for the false Accusation, no less than for the Blows he had received, and there were so many Witnesses of the thing, that a Law-Suit from the Painter would have been of very dangerous consequence to the husband. Some of his Friends in the Company prevailed with the Magistrate, to use his endeavours to prevent it; and the Aggressor who began to know that he was in the wrong, having left it to his decision, he condemn'd him to some small pecuniary amends, which obliged the Painter to be pacified.

In the mean time, it being necessary, for the Lady's reputation and ease, not to leave the main Business undecided, such prevailing Reasons were used to Convince the Husband

and of his Error, that at last he began to
 find, principally when he was told that it
 was impossible that the Picture which had
 caused all this disorder should be that which
 he suppos'd to have been made for the Offi-
 cer, since it was easy to perceive that it had
 been long made, and he had not been in
 Town above ten Days ; so this last Reason
 satisfy'd him, and then the injur'd parties be-
 gan to inveigh against his groundless Jealou-
 sy ; the Wife cry'd, *She could no longer live*
with a Man who could have so mean thoughts of
her Virtue. The Father storm'd, the Mother
 rail'd, and the Officer seem'd as little satisfi-
 ed ; so the Husband was glad to buy Peace
 at the price of an humble and sorrowful Ac-
 knowledgement of his fault, begging Par-
 don of his Father and Mother in Law, of his
 Wife, and finally of the Gentleman who re-
 main'd in Possession of his dear Picture. You
 may well imagine that by those means all
 things were well dispos'd to a Peace, and in-
 deed there remained only an Obstacle to
 make it lasting, for as the Lawyer had sense
 and was apt to be jealous upon the least mat-
 ter, he feared that as Revenge is sweet and
 particular to the Sex, his Wife, whom he
 had abus'd, might entertain some thoughts
 of *Revenge* to the danger of his honour, and
 the Officer furnish her with means to put
 them into Practice ; so for the peace of the
 Family

38 *The Cuckold turn'd Confessor.*

Family, it was necessary that the Officer should leave it. Now, as any thing may be done with Money, the Husband resolved to part with some to purchase his Ease, and was thinking on some expedient to offer to the Officer, when the News was brought that his Regiment was to march out the next day. This Difficulty was remov'd, and the Officer left the Husband and the Wife fully at Liberty, to come to such Terms as might conduce most to the security of their mutual Happiness.

NOVEL V.

The Cuckold turn'd Confessor.

THERE Lived in *Paris*, a Merchant very Rich in Wealth and Worldly Possessions, who having a Beautiful Woman to his Wife, he became extream Jealous of her. This jealous Humour increasing in him more and more, he kept her in such narrow Restraint, that many Persons Condemn'd to Death, have enjoyed larger Liberty in their Imprisonment. For she might not be present at Feasts, Weddings, nor go to Church, or so much as to be seen at the Door: Nay, she durst not stand at her window: nor look out of her House for any occasion

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occasion whatsoever; by means whereof
she seemed most tedious and offensive to
him, and she supported it the more impati-
ently, because she knew her self not any way
guilty. Seeing her Husband still persist in
his shameful Course towards her, she studi-
ously how she might Comfort her self in this
Mishance, by devising means whereby he might
be requited in his kind, and bear that Badge
of shame, whereof he was now but only in
possession. And because she could not gain so
easily a permission as to be seen at any Win-
dow, where haply she might have observed
some one passing by in the Street, deserv-
ing a little parcel of her Love: she remem-
bered at length, that in the next House to
her Husband's (they both joyning close to-
gether) there dwelt a young proper Gentle-
man, whose Perfections carried Correspon-
dency with her Desires: She also consider-
ed with her self, that if there were any Par-
ition-Wall, such a Chink or Cranny might
easily be made therein, by which (at one
time or other) she should gain a sight of the
young Gentleman, and find an Hour so fit-
ting as to confer with him, and bestow her
lovely Favour on him, if he pleased to ac-
cept on it. Walking from one Room to an-
other, through every part of the House;
and no Wall elcaping without diligent Sur-
veying, on a Day when her Husband was
absent

10 *The Cuckold turn'd Confessor.*

Absent from Home, she espyed in a Corner
very secret, an Indifferent Clift in
Wall, through which there came forth
View on the other side, that she plainly
perceived it to be a handsome Chamber
and grew more than half perswaded, that
it might either be the Chamber of
Young Gentleman, or else a Passage
ing thereto. A Chamber-Maid of her
who Compassionated her Case very much
made such Observance by her Mistress
Directions, that she found it to be
Bed-Chamber, and where always he used
to Lodge alone. By often visiting the
Chink in the Wall, especially when the
Gentleman was there; and by throwing
in little Stones, Flowers, and such like
things; which still fell in his way as he
Walked; So far she prevailed, that
stepping to the Chink, to know from
whence they came, she called softly
him, who knowing her Voice, there they
had such private Conference together,
was not any ways displeasing to either.
So that the Chink being made a little
larger, (yet so as it could not be Dis-
cerned) their Mouths might meet with
Kisses together. Now *Christmas* drawing
near, the Gentlewoman said to her Hus-
band, That if it stood with his Liking
she would do such a Duty as fitted with

Solemn a Time, by going early in a Morning to Church, there to be Confessed, and receive her Saviour, as other Christians did. How now? Replied the Jealous Wife, what Sins have you committed, that should need Confession? How, Husband? Quoth she, What do you think me to be a Saint? Who knoweth not, I pray, that I am as subject to Sin, as any other Woman Living in the World? But my Sins are not to be Revealed to you, because you are no Priest. These Words inflamed his Jealousy more Violently than before, and needs must he know what Sins she had Committed, and having resolved what to do in this Case, made her Answer, that he was Contented with her Motion always, provided that she went to no other Church than to their own Chappel betimes in a Morning, and their own Chaplain to confess her, or some other Priest by him appointed, but not any other, and then she to return home presently again. She being a Woman of an Acute Apprehension, presently Collected his whole Intention; but seeming to take no Knowledge thereof, replied, that she would not swerve from his direction. When the appointed day was come, she arose very early, to the Chappel he went, where her jealous Husband attended for her coming: Having so ordered the
Matter

42 *The Cuckold turn'd Confessor.*

Matter with his Chaplain, that he was
 Cloathed in his Cowl, with a large Hood
 hanging over his Eyes, that she could not
 know him, and so he went and sat down
 in the Confessor's Place. She being entred
 into the Chappel, and calling for the Priest
 to hear her Confession, he made her answer
 that he could not attend it, but would bring
 her to another Holy Brother, who was in
 better Leisure than he. So to her Husband
 he brought her, who resembled the Confes-
 sor himself, save only his Hood was
 not so closely Vailed; but she knew his
 Beard; and said to her self, What a Mad
 World is this, when Jealousy can Meta-
 morphose a Lay-man into a Priest? But
 let me alone with him, I mean to fit him
 with that which he looks for. So appear-
 ing to have no Knowledge at all of him,
 down she fell at his Feet, and he had con-
 veyed a few Cherry stones into his mouth,
 to disguise his Speech from her Knowledge,
 for in all things else, he thought himself
 to be sufficiently fitted for her. In the
 Course of her Confession, she Declared,
 That she was Married to a Wicked Jealous
 Husband, and with whom she did live a
 very hateful Life: Nevertheless, (quoth
 she) I am even with him, for I am be-
 loved of a Fryar, that every Night lyeth
 with me. When the Jealous Husband heard
 this,

his, it Stabbed him to the Heart; and, but for his greedy covetous Desire to know more, he would fain have broke off Confession, but perceiving it was the Wisest Course, he went on with her, saying; Why, good Woman, Doth not your Husband lodge with you? Yes, Sir, (quoth she) How then is it possible (Reply'd the Husband) that the Fryar can lodge there with you too? She Dissembling a Sigh, Answered, Reverend Sir, I know not what skilful art the Fryar useth, but this I am sure of, every Door in our House will fly open to him, so soon as he doth but Touch. Moreover, he told me, that when he cometh to my Chamber-Door, he speaketh certain Words to himself, which immediately cast my Husband into a deep Sleep, and understanding him to be thus sleepily intranc'd, he openeth the Door, entreth in, and lyeth down by me: The Jealous Coxcomb angrily scratching his Head, and wishing his Wife half Hanged, said, Mistrefs, this is very badly done, for you should keep your self from all Men but your Husband only. That shall I never do, answered she, because (indeed) I Love him Dearly. Why, then, (quoth he) I cannot give you Absolution. I am more sorry, Sir, (said she;) I came not here to tell you any Lyes, for if I could,

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I would not, because it is not good to jest with such Saint-like Men as you are: You do therein (quoth he) the better, and surely I am very sorry for you, because in this dangerous Condition, it will be the utter Loss of your Soul. Nevertheless, both for your Husband's Sake and your own, I will take some Pains, and use such especial Prayers in your Name which may greatly avail you. And I purpose now and then to send you a Young Clerk of mine, whom you may safely acquaint with your Mind, and signifie to me by him, whether they have done you good or no; and if they prove helpful, then will we proceed therein. Alas, Sir, (said she) never trouble your self in sending any one to our House, because if my Husband should know it, he is so extreemly Jealous, as all the World cannot otherwise persuade him, but that he came thither for no honest Intent, and then I shall live worse than now I do. Fear not good Woman, (quoth he) but believe it certainly, that I will have such a certain Care in this Case, as your Husband shall never speak thereof to you. If you can do it so, Sir, (said she) without any Prejudice to my Honour, and my Husband's further Jealousy, proceed, I pray you, and I am well contented. Confession being thus ended, and she receiving such

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such Pennance as he appointed, she rose on her Feet and went to hear *Mass*; while our Jealous Woodcock (churlishly puffing and blowing) put off his Religious Habit, returning home presently into his House, beating his Brains all the way he went, with what means he might best devise, for the taking his Wife and the Fryar together, whereby to have them both severely Punished. His Wife being come home from the Chappel, discern'd by her husband's looks that he was like to keep but a sorry *Christmas*; yet he used his utmost Industry to conceal what he had done, and which she knew as well as himself. And he being fully Resolved to watch his own Street Door the next Night ensuing, in Person, in Expectation of the Friar's coming, said to his Wife, I have Occasion both to Sup and Lodge out of my House this Night, wherefore, see you to the Street door, that it be surely made fast on the inside, and the door at the midst of the Stairs: as also, your own Chamber-Door, and then (in God's Name) get you to Bed. Whereunto she answered, that all should be done that he had appointed. Afterward, when she saw convenient time, she went to the Chink in the Wall, and making such a Sign as she was wont to do: Her *Gallant* came thither, to whom she told all, and what Directions her Husband had

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given her. Furthermore she said, Certain I am that he will not depart from the house, but sit and watch the Door without, to take one that comes not near it. If therefore you can climb over the House-Top, and get in at our Gutter-Window, you and I may confer more Familiarly together. The Young Gentleman being no Dullard, had his Lesson quickly Taught him; and when Night was come, *Geloso* (for so must we Term the Cock-brain'd Husband) Arms himself at all points with a brown Bill in his Hand, and so he sits to Watch his own Door. His Wife had made fast all the Doors, especially that on the midst of the Stairs, because he should not by any means come to the Chamber; and so, when the Hour serv'd, the Gentleman adventured over the House-Top, found the Gutter-Window, and the Way Conducting him to her Chamber; where I leave them to their further Amorous Conference. *Geloso* more than half mad with Anger; first, because he had lost his Supper; next, having sitten almost all the Night, and could see no Fryar come: When Day drew near, and he ashamed to watch there any longer, Conveyed himself to some more convenient Place, where putting off his Arms, and seeming to come from the Place of his Lodging, about the

Ninth

Ninth Hour, he found his Door open, entered in, and went up the Stairs going to Dinner with his Wife. Within a while after, according as *Geloso* had ordered the Business, a Youth came thither, seeming to be the Novice sent from the Confessor, and he being admitted to speak with her, demanded, whether she was troubled and molested that Night past as formerly she had been, or whether the Party came or no? The Woman, who knew well enough the Messenger, (notwithstanding all his formal Disguise) made Answer, that the Party expected came not: But if he had come, it was to no purpose; because her mind was now otherwise altered, albeit she changed not a jot from her Amorous Conclusion. *Geloso* continued his Watch many Nights together, as hoping to surprise the Friar at his entrance, and his Wife kept still her contented Quarter, according as opportunity served. In the Conclusion, *Geloso* being no more able to endure his Watching, nor some (more than ordinary) pleasing Countenance in his Wife: One Day demanded of her (with a very stern and frowning Brow) what secret Sins she had revealed to the Ghostly Father, upon the Day of her Shrift? The Woman Replied, that she would not tell him, neither was it a Matter Reasonable or Lawful so to

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do. Wicked Woman, answered *Gelofo*: I know them all well enough, even in Despair and Spight of thee, and every Word that thou speakest unto him. But, Huswife, now I must further know what the Friar is, with whom you are so much in Love, and by means of his Enchantments, lyeth with you every Night; tell me, what, and who he is, or else I mean to Cut your Throat. The Woman immediately made Answer, it was not true that she was in Love with any Friar. How? Quoth *Gelofo*, didst thou not confess so much to the Ghostly Father, the other Day, when thou wast at Shrift? No, Sir, said she, But if I did, I am sure he would not have disclosed it to you, except he suffered you to be there present, which is an Article beyond his Duty. But if it were so, then I will confess freely what I did say unto him. Make an End then quickly, Wife, (quoth *Gelofo*) and tell me who the Friar is. The Woman fell into a hearty Laughter, saying, it liketh me singularly well, when a wise Man will suffer himself to be led by a simple Woman, even as a Sheep is to the Slaughter and by the horns. If once thou wast Wise, thy Wisdom became utterly Lost, when thou Fellest into that Devilish Frenzy of Jealousy, without knowing any reason for it; for, by this Beastlike (and no Manly) Humour, thou

hast

hast Eclipsed no mean part of thy Glory,
and to the Disgrace of my Honour, and
Womanly Reputation. Dost thou imagine
Husband, that if I were so blinded in mind
as thou, in that which should inform thy
Understanding, I could have found out the
Priest, that would needs be my Confessor?
I knew thee, Husband, to be the Man, and
therefore I prepar'd my Wit accordingly,
to fit thee with the foolish imagination
which thou soughtest for, and indeed, gave
it to thee: For, if thou hadst been Wife,
as thou makest the World to believe, by
outward Appearance, thou wouldest never
have expressed such a Baseness of Mind,
to borrow the Colour of a Sanctified Cloak,
thereby to undermine the Secrets of thine
Honest meaning Wife. Wherefore, to feed
thee in thy fond suspicion and imagination,
I was the more free in my Confession, and
told thee truly with whom I had Trans-
gressed. Did not I tell thee, that I loved a
Friar? And art thou not he whom I love,
being a Friar, and my Ghostly Father,
though (to thine one shame) thou madest
thy self so? I said, that there is not one
Door in our House, that can keep it self
shut against him, but (when he pleaseth)
he comes and lyes with me. Now tell
me, Husband, what Door in our House
hath at any time been shut against thee, but

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they are freely thine own, and grant thee free Entrance? Thou art the same Fryar that *Confest* me, and lieth every Night with me; and so often, as thou didst send thy Young Novice, or Clerk to me, as often did I really return thee Word, when the same Fryar lay with me. But by Jealousy thou hast lost thy Understanding and Wit, that thou wilt hardly believe all this. Alas, Good Man, like an Armed Watch-man thou sattest at thine own Door all Night, perswading me, poor, silly, credulous Woman, that upon urgent occasion, thou must needs Sup and Lodge from Home. Remember thy self better hereafter, become a true Understanding Man, as thou shouldest be, and make not thy self a Mocking-Stock to them who know thy Jealous Humours as well as I do, and be not so Watchful over me as thou art. For I Swear, by my True Honesty, That if I were but as Willing, as thou art Suspicious, I could deceive thee, if thou hadst an Hundred Eyes, as Nature affords thee but Two, and have my Pleasure freely, yet thou be not a jot the Wiser, or my Credit any way Impaired. Our wonderful Discreet *Gelofo*, who very advisedly consider'd, that he had wholly heard his Wife's secret Confession, and dreamed on no other doubt beside, but perceiving (by her Speeches) how he was become a Scorn

to

to all Men: Without returning any other Answer, Confirmed his Wife to be both Wife and Honest. And now, when he had just occasion to be Jealous indeed, he utterly forswore it, and counted them all Cockscombs that would be so Deceived. Wherefore, she having thus Wisely won the Way to her own Delires, and he reduc'd into a more Human Temper, I hope there was no more need of clambering over Houses in the Night-time, like Cats, nor walking in at Gutter-windows, since all Abuses were honestly Retormed.

NOVEL VI.

The Prodigal Reclaim'd, and Virginity Restor'd.

AH me! Whither shall I wander? I of all Mankind, the most Wretched and Miserable! Who of late enjoy'd the richest Jewel on Earth, am now robb'd of all my Comfort and Hopes of Life. Cursed be the time I came into this solitary Place, and let Nature withdraw her Blessings from the Earth, and no more suffer a verdant Tincture to cover the face thereof, because the prophane Feet of *Banditti* and Robbers have trod thereon. O immatchless and irreparable Loss, may the loss of thee prompt me to

be my own Executioner: Here unhappy Hands, take this Dagger, and thrust it thro' the more wretched Heart of its Master.

These were the words utter'd by a Grave and Ancient Gentleman, attended with Showers of Tears, when a Knight hard by over-hearing it, Rode up to him, and accosted him in this manner, Sir, your Looks bespeaks so much serious Contemplation, that I find a difficult matter to Address my self to you. I have heard your Complaints with more Distraction than you imagine, by reason it renews that Grief, the cause whereof is much the same as yours. To which *Evander* reply'd, for so was his Name, I am so far unwilling to augment the Miseries of another, that I could wish Heaven had never Attempted to make me once Happy, for then I should not have known now, what it is to be miserable: As for my looks, if they bear any Authority in them, they are beholden to the Vicissitude of Fortune, and an indifferent series of Time for it: I am sorry your Grief shou'd be so great as you express it; but I must tell you, you ought to thank the Gods it is not like mine. To which the Knight answer'd, Disconsolate Sir, Since somewhat has persuaded you, that you undergo more than all Mankind, I could convince you to the contrary, if your Patience would bear with a
Relation

Relation, and make you sensible, I am as great a sharer in the Perplexities of *Fortune*, and am spinning out as miserable and distressed Life. Know then, Sir! (*continued*) I am a Person of Noble Birth, good Estate, and bless'd with the Enjoyments of as Beautiful, Chaste and Vertuous Lady, as ever was bred at *Sevil*, by her Heaven gave me sometime since a Son, the very Picture of her self; Belov'd and Admir'd by us both alike, brought up by the best Masters, and furnish'd, to compleat the whole, with Wit enough to make him be admir'd by all, especially if it had not been altogether Byass'd by the Vanities of Youth and Lust, with the Consequences thereof: Thus he liv'd with us, in whom, as our only Child and Heir, we thought our selves possess'd of all that's happy this side the Grave, till taking to wild Companions, he Devoted himself up wholly to the gratifying his Lusts; and has not above three Days since, retir'd with two more of his Confederates from their Father's houses without the least knowledge where they are gone, or whether we shall ever see them again; the Loss of which, both to his tender Mother and my self, is altogether inconsolable.

Whereat he broke off, fetching a great Sigh, which Forced some few Tears to trickle down his Cheeks, when *Evander* all

this

this time was listning well to what he said. bethought himself, that this must needs be the Father of him who had in that Spot Robb'd him of his Fair Daughter *Corinna*; and considering what Answer to return the Knight, he was in an Hundred Perplexities, and knew not whether he had best to tell him of the loss of his Daughter, or resemble his Grief, and only shew a few sympathizing Demonstrations. for the Knight's Loss, &c. and so take his Leave. At last he resolved upon the latter, which being done, the Knight took his Leave, not willing to discover his Name, nor place of Abode, and Rode in Quest of his Son. *Corinna's* Father return'd Home to his Wife, to inform her of what had happen'd, and consider further about the Loss of their Daughter.

Now we will leave a little the Parents of both Parties, and return to *Corinna* and *Micaledon*, for so was the Name of our Knight's Son, who as he was walking with his Companions in a Grove, was met by *Corinna's* Father, Mother, herself, and Maid, and discovering *Corinna's* Beauty, was resolv'd to Enjoy her if it cost him his Life. To which purpose, Consulting with his Companions, they returned back, and Vizzarding themselves with their Swords drawn, forc'd the fair *Corinna* from her Father and Mother; *Micaledon* carrying her away out of Sight, and

and tying his Handkerchief about her Eyes he withdrew from his Companions, and carry'd her home to his Father's House, in the dead of the Night; where, Locking themselves up in a Room, she fell into a Swoon: Notwithstanding which, our Youth, whose Lustful Passion was so great, laid Unchaste Hands on her, and Robb'd her of that Honour which she thought more Dear than all the World. Having sufficiently Sated himself with the Chastity of *Corinna*, he resolv'd to turn her out of Doors. And having not Recover'd herself of the Swoon, he thought it best to lay her out in the Street, and prosecuting his Design, by taking her gently round the Waste, to lift her off the Bed, she came a little to herself; and recovering her Voice, she faintly Cry'd: *To Gods Protect me! What am I? And where am I brought? How came I here? Am I involv'd in perpetual Night? Or are mine Eyes beclouded, that I can see nothing but Darknes? Father! Mother! Where are ye?* But no Answer was heard, which forced some Tears to fall from her Starry Eyes: At last recovering her self better, she began to recollect, and call to mind how she was Assaulted, and forc'd from her Parents, and flinging her Arms abroad to let out a Sigh, one of 'em chanc'd to fall upon *Micaledon's*, which she perceiving, Grasped fast hold thereof,

thereof, and Cry'd, *What art thou? And what is thy Name? If thou pretendest Friendship to me, Rid me of that Life which otherwise will be miserable: If seeing thou canst not restore me that Jewel thou hast taken from me: Believe me, it will be a deed of Charity to give my Soul the Liberty of a flight into another World: But O thou most daring and resolute Youth, know that Heaven will force Justice from you: and make you sensible of the Resentments of its Anger another day! But why do I give thee the Epithites of Bold and Daring, and not those of Timorous and Fearful, which are properly thine, since thou venturest not only to Rob a Lady of her Parents, but to Desflour her Virginity, whilst she was in a swoon, and no ways capable of helping her self? And now, if thou hast any pity in thy lascivious Breast, grant me this one request, that as I know not who thou art, so I promise thee I desire it not, nor will I make Enquiry after thee; Convey me therefore presently into the Street, or at least, near unto the great Church, from which place I can take Directions to my own home; swear to me likewise, that you will not follow, nor Inquire of my Name or Parents; for I should think it an Unhappiness to them, to bear a share in my Distresses.* All the Answer *Micaldon* made her, was only by endeavouring to renew his Amorous Lusts, which she as notably resisted, with Ten Thousand Reproaches for his ignoble

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noble thoughts, and filthy desires, using so strong an Opposition, that his Thoughts were altogether Weakned, who immediately withdrew, and left her to herself, and went to look for his Confederates, to advise with 'em, what way might be best taken to dispose of *Corinna*, both to her own Satisfaction, and his Security.

Corinna perceiving her self alone, and fast Lock'd up, arose from the Bed, and went groping about the Room with her Hands, to search for a Door to get out, or a Window to leap down. She first found the door but Lock'd too strong for her to open it; then she found out the Window, which she Unhaspr, and open'd the wooden Shutters, and by the Light of the Moon that shone so clear and bright, being in its full, she perceiv'd the Chamber richly Hung, the Bed Gilded, and all the Furniture very Magnificent, that it seem'd rather the Appartment of a Prince, than of a private Gentleman: She summ'd up the number of the Chairs, which were very Rich, and the Escritores, and Cabinets, which were very Gay and Stately. She took notice of the Door, and the Pictures which adorned the Room, tho' she could not well discern the Figures, so as to discribe them. The Window was very large, and strongly secur'd with Iron-bars, a Defence against Banditto's and Bobbers, which

which are there very frequent. The Prospect before the Window was a lovely Garden, with a pleasant Fountain in the middle, adorn'd with all that Art and Nature were capable of. Many Difficulties stood in opposition to hinder her escape, and the view that she had taken of every thing, induced her to believe, that the Owner thereof must be of Quality, and not of a common Extraction. Wandering some time round the Appartment, at length she espy'd a Table-Book, richly Bound in Seal's-Skin, overlaid with Silver, and curiously wrought and Engrav'd, with a large Silver-Pin belonging to it, which lay upon a Cabinet that stood near to the Window. She took it, and put it up in her Pocket; and having secured it, shut the Window, leaving it as she had found it, and return'd back to the Bed, expecting what kind of end such a bad beginning would produce.

To her thinking it was not much above half an Hour after, that she heard a Door open, and some Person coming to her, and without so much as speaking one Word, with an Handkerchief blindfolded her, and taking her by the Arm, took her out of the Room, and shut fast the Door after him,

This Person was *Micaledon*, who though he had been upon the search for his Fellow-Libertines, yet he was not altogether willing

Pro- to find them, or give them the least Intelli-
Gar- gence of that Night's Transactions; and
ddle, therefore resolv'd to acquaint 'em, that re-
were penting himself of that act, and being mo-
op- ved with her Tears, left her in the mid-
view way. Having thus recollected himself, he
accd return'd back with all speed, to convey *Co-*
must rinna near the great Church, according to
Ex- her own Directions, before the Morning
und approach'd too far, and to avoid the Incon-
Ta- veniency of detaining her till the Night
o- following, in which Interval of time, he re-
ght solved to exercise no more Violence, nor
be- give any other occasion to discover himself.

Having Conducted her to the place ap-
ok pointed, he told her, in a kind of broken
v- Language, and with a Counterfeit Voice.
it She might then go securely to her own Ha-
to bitation, and that none should follow her,
ch to see where she went; so left her to untie
re the Handkerchief he had bound about her
r Eyes, which before she could loose, he was
d got far enough out of Sight.

Corinna being at Liberty, made all the
haste she could, still looking behind her e-
very step she fetch'd. Going to her Father's
House, she found her Parents amaz'd and as-
tonisht, and so far from preparing to go to
Bed, that they had not so much as harbour'd
the least thought of taking any rest. When
they saw her, they ran to her with Open
Arms

Arms, and embraced her, and indulgent
 receiv'd her. Tears of Joy had furnish'd
 their Eyes, and their Tongues could not ex-
 press their Gladness, for the present, the
 Hearts being so Transported within them.
 But *Corinna's* heart being loaded with passion
 and overwhelm'd with Grief, besought her
 Parents to withdraw into a private Room
 and there, in a few Words, she gave them
 an account of what had befallen her, and her
 unfortunate Success, with all other Circum-
 stances belonging to it, but could not by
 any means discover the Person that robbed
 her of her Honour: She acquainted them
 with all she had beheld in that famous The-
 atre wherein was acted that woful Tragedy
 of her Misery; the pleasant Garden, and
 Fountains, the Cabinets, Bed and Hang-
 ings of rich Arras; and lastly, she shewed
 them the fine Table-book, which she had
 brought from thence with her; and further
 told them, Tho' she did not desire to come
 to the Knowledge of him who was the Of-
 fender, yet, if they thought it convenient,
 to have him discover'd, by means of the
 Table-book, they might do it, by causing it
 to be publicly proclaim'd, That he who
 had lost such a Book, might have it resto-
 red at such a place as the Party that lost it
 should appoint: So by knowing the Owner
 of it, they might both know the House, and
 like wise this Libertine.

But

But Corinna's Father reply'd, your Advice, dear Child, is very Pertinent, and would take good Effect, were it put in Execution, if the subtilty and craftiness of the World, now in these days, did not make an Opposition: For in all probability such a Trifle as that mayn't suddenly be mist; but perhaps if it should, they would set no great Value on it, especially such an owner as you describe that Libertine to be, and when he recollects himself, that the person who was with him in the apartment took it away, he'll rather desire to have it conceal'd than divulg'd.

Her Father therefore advis'd her to keep it secure, For perhaps (said he) in process of time, thou may'st have occasion to make Use of it; for as it has been a Witness of thy Dishonour, it may at last be an Evidence to procure thee justice, and revenge that Wrong which thou hast so lately received. I tell thee, dear Child, that the least Grain of publick Dishonour, lyes heavier upon us, than a ponderous Weight of secret infamy: True Dishonour consists in Sin, and true Honour in Virtue: The Powers Divine are offended with our sayings, Doings, and Desires; and since that thou neither in Thought; Word, or Deed, hast provok'd the Divine Vengeance, esteem thy self Virtuous; for I shall ever have that Charity for thee, and continue to thee still a Kind and Indulgent Father.

With these Prudential Reasons, did this Old Gentleman comfort up his Daughter

Corinna

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Corinna; and her Mother Embracing her, confirm'd what her Father had cherish'd her withal, and Desired her not to let any Sorrow or Grief disturb her Mind, for she retain'd the same Affection for her now, as she had formerly. Whereupon she burst into Tears, and did often Abscond her self, and through Modesty took to a Retired Life, under the Shelter and Protection of her Parents.

Micaledon in this interval, being returned home, and sitting down in his Chamber, as he cast his Eye upon the Cabinet, miss'd his Table-book, but presently imagin'd the Party he brought home, might take it away with her: He made slight of it, and never made an Enquiry after it. Some Days before this, *Micaledon* had determin'd to Travel into *Italy*; for his Father, who had been there in his Minority, persuaded him to go, informing him, that they could not attain to True Gentility, who had not gain'd it by Experience in Travel. *Micaledon* put on a Resolution to be Conformable to the Will of his Father, whom he knew would set him forth with a good Equipage.

He gave him Bills of Exchange, payable at Sight, for considerable Sums of Money, for all those places whither he intended: So that he, and two of his Libertine Companions,

panions, prepar'd for their Journey. They took 3 Places in the *Italy* Coach, to go for *Rome*, *Goncuia*, and *Naples*, in which were 3 others besides themselves, a Lady, a Young Gentleman, and an University Scholar.

Amongst all their Discourse, *Micaledon* enquir'd what *Italy* afforded for the Satisfaction of Gentlemen. The Stranger that was in the Coach, told him, that it was a Place very Pleasant, Ingenious and Witty; for he had been there, and could give a very good Account of it: As for the People, many of them were of an Effeminate Disposition, he told him, for he had heard many Stories from them, which he could relate, if they would not tire their Patience. *Micaledon* and the Lady told him, He would highly Oblige them, and it would prove a very Diverting Recreation. The Gentleman inform'd them, that he was willing to Contribute to any Discourse to the good Company's Satisfaction, and should esteem it as a great Honour, if what he was to Relate should receive their kind Acceptance, so that not to hold them any longer in suspense, he related the First that came in his Mind, and directed himself to them all.

An old rich Gentleman being Married to a Young wanton Lady, her Husband being somewhat wanting in his Nocturnal Duty, she placed
that

that Affection due to him in a Soldier, and tho' she was careful to conceal her Intrigue, yet the Jealous old Man soon perceiv'd it, but to be more certain of what he doubted, he pretends a Journey for some time, and taking Money, away he goes.

The Lady had acquainted an old Bawd with her Amours, who had informed the Soldier that it was his good Fortune to be Loved of such a Lady; he being a Son of *Mars*, was well pleased with this hopeful Enjoyment of so fair a *Venus*; and nothing was wanting to their Conjunction, but an Opportunity, which was now come by the absence of the Old Man, by which the Soldier, according to order, walked before the House that Evening, expecting admittance. The Husband having staid thereabouts all day, at night came home, and found the Soldier waiting, which made him suspect the Intrigue, and his Suspicion was confirmed, when he went in, and found Supper prepared, and his Wife ready to receive her Gallant. She was so surpriz'd at his appearance, that she could not make a Reasonable Answer to the many Questions he ask'd her; wherefore, in a great Passion he resolv'd to be Reveng'd on her, which he thus effects; he stript her naked, and led her into a Pond, where he ty'd her fast to a Post, thinking by that means, to Cool that

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that that had occasioned her Malady, and his Jealousy.

The Soldier having wore out his patience in attendance, went to the old Woman's, who was his Broker to this intended Merchandize; and tells her of his fruitless waiting, she wonders at it, and presently goes back with him to the House, where having a Key, she enters the Gate, and leaving the Soldier in an outter Court, went towards the House, where she saw the young Lady in the Pond, in the manner her Husband had left her. After some small Dialogue, whereby they both understood how the state of matters lay; the young Lady having still a mind to enjoy her Gallant, it was agreed that the old one should unstrip and stand in her room, whilst she went to her Lover. The young Woman being dressed in the old Woman's Cloaths, went to the Soldier, who at first took her to be the Bawd, but by her speech finding it to be otherwise, he soon enjoy'd those Pleasures he had so long desired.

The old Gentleman who was gone to Bed could not sleep for thinking of that night's Adventure, and believing that he was not sufficiently revenged on his Wife, he resolves on a further; and leaving his Bed, goes down to the place where he left his Wife, and utters outrageous words against her, which the old Woman, who was there, thought was best not to answer, but to remain silent; at which he was so Inrag'd, that having a
Knife

66 *The Prodigal Reclaim'd,*

Knife in one Hand, he took her by the Nose and cut it off, throwing it at her Face, and wishing her to present it to her Lover, he returns to Bed. Soon after the Lady having taken leave of her young Man, returns to the Old Woman; who altho' almost Dead with her Wound, gives her an account of her Misfortune, she hears this story with Admiration, esteeming her self most happy in having enjoy'd her Friends love, and escaped her Husbands Fury: And now she comforts the old Woman, by promising her a great Reward; This pacifies her, and the young Woman believing that the worst was past, and that better was to come, untie'd the Old one, and again took her place in the Water, where having contriv'd how to manage her matter, so as to come off with Honour, she thus plaid her Trick. Believing that her Husband was within hearing, as indeed he was, She with a loud Voice makes a heavy complaint against him, that had so wrong'd his innocent and chaste Wife, and then she implores the assistance of Diana and all the other Goddesses of Chastity and Marriage to vindicate her, and that they would shew some example on her, to demonstrate her Chastity; and if they pleased to be so gracious to her, to restore that former Beauty which her Husband had depriv'd her of, by his rash and unhuman cutting off her Nose. This was the sum of her Complaint, and Prayer, and then continuing for some time silent, she at length brake out into loud Exclamations of Joy, and

Thanks

Thanksgiving, to the heavenly Powers, for the Restoration, calling to her Husband to come and see the Token of her Innocence. He being amaz'd at this Discourse, was resolv'd to try the Truth, and rising out of Bed, lighted a Candle, went down, and comes to his Wife, and viewing her Face, finds it whole and sound; whereat he began to detest his Rashness, and fear Heaven's Vengeance; and abhorring the Wickedness of his impious Fury, he looseth his most chaste Wife, and brings her again to her Bed, by which Means she recovers both her Nose, and the Affections of her Husband.

All this time Micaledon had no Resentments of what had past betwixt himself and Corinna, but appear'd very jocund and merry, whilst she led a melancholly Life in the House of her Parents, with all possible retiredness, not permitting any Person to visit her, lest any Discovery should be made of her Misfortunes. In this Retir'dness within a few Months, she perceiv'd that she was oblig'd to confine herself from all Eyes, except those which were continually with her. She saw it was convenient to live Cloyster'd up, finding to her sorrow, her Condition, in having an Infant without a Husband, a Misfortune which occasion'd those Tears which were before a little mitigated, but now spring forth afresh, like running Fountains.

Those Sighs, which for a while remain'd calm and quiet, arise again like fierce and tempestuous Winds, that blow against each other : Her Mother us'd all the Diligence that her maternal Care could furnish her with, to allay the Violence of her Passion ; but all her gentle Persuasions could not afford her Sorrows any Relief.

Time fled away with a swift Wing, and the time of her Delivery was come ; which was carried with such Secrecy, that she would not trust any Midwife, but her Mother taking that Office upon her, soon perform'd it ; and brought into the World a little young Son, the most beautiful Babe Nature could produce, which as it was Born with Wariness and Secrecy, so it was convey'd with the like Circumspection to a Country Village, where he continued Four Years, at the end whereof, under the Denomination of Nephew, his Grand-father brought him home to his own House, where he was bred up very well, in that which his Youth render'd him capable of. *Cesare* (for so was the Child called) was of a fair Complexion, a delightful Countenance, and a sweet Disposition, together with a quick Wit, that in all these Actions which he perform'd in that tender Age, he gave plain Demonstrations, that his Extraction was of Noble Parentage ; So that his Wit, Beauty

and pretty Behaviour, created so great an Affection in his Grand-Father and Grand-Mother, they esteem'd their Daughter's Misfortune to be a Happiness ; she having furnish'd them with such a Grand-Child.

As he pass'd through the Streets, some prais'd his Beauty, others bless'd the Mother that bare him, some the Father that begat him, and others those that had brought him up, and had bestowed upon him such good Education. With this Applause of those that knew him, and that of Strangers, the Child grew to Seven Years of Age ; in which time he had learn'd to read *Spanish* and *Latin*, and to Write a very good Hand, and made so great an Improvement at his Years, that he was the Admiration of all his instructors.

Now it happen'd one Day, that the Child was sent to visit a Kinswoman of his Grand-Mother's ; and it was his Chance to pass through a Street, where some Gentlemen were running a Career with their Horses ; which the Child staying to look upon, for his better Conveniency of seeing them, ran cross the Street from one side to the other, and fell in such an ill conjuncture of time, that he could not avoid a Horse's running over him, whose Rider, with all the Strength he had, was not able to stop in the Fury of his Career, so that he left him sprawling on the

D 2

Ground

Ground for dead, much Blood issuing out of his Mouth.

The sad Mischance had scarce happen'd, when an antient Gentleman, who was beholding the Career, with extraordinary Agility leapt from his Horse, and taking the Child out of the Arms of him that held him into his own; neither considering his own Grey Hairs, nor regarding his Authority, which was great, hast'ned home to his own House, and sent his Servants immediately for a Surgeon. Many Gentlemen follow'd him much concern'd at the Accident which had befallen so fair a Child.

The ill News was presently dispers'd abroad, That the Child which had received the Harm, was *Cesaro*, Nephew of such a Gentleman, naming his Grandfather. This Report went from one to another, until it reach'd at last the Ears of his Grandfather and Grand-mother, and his Disconsolate retir'd Mother *Corinna*, who being truly inform'd of this unhappy Accident, ran immediately out of Doors in great Distraction, to see what was become of their only Darling.

They quickly understood the Gentleman who took care of him, was known to be a Person of Quality in the City; therefore flying thither in a Hurry betwixt Love and Fear, they arriv'd at his House just when

the Child was under the Surgeon's Hands. The Gentleman and his Wife, who were Owners of the House, intreated the supposed Child's Parents not to Weep, which could do the Child no Good, but Prejudice.

They began to be Chearful, when the Surgeon having Dressed him, inform'd 'em, that the Wound was not mortal as he first imagin'd it.

When *Cesaro* was Dress'd, and laid to Sleep, his Grand-father began to give the Master of the House Thanks for the great Care and Charity he had extended to'ards his Nephew. To which the Gentleman reply'd ;

That he had occasion to Thank him ; intimating to him, That when the Child fell, he perceiv'd so much of his Son's Physiognomy in the Face of the Child, that it mov'd him to Pity and Compassion, to take Care for him who represented one whom he Lov'd so tenderly. Moreover, he told him, he should be kindly entertain'd in his House, till the Surgeon had finish'd his Cure, and should not want any thing his House could afford, which was needful and necessary. His Wife, who was a fine, noble, and well-accomplish'd Lady, repeated several Words to the same Effect, something more enlarging and endearing her Promises.

The Grand-father and Grand-mother of the Child, did much admire at this their wonderful Charity and Love, but the Mother much more ! for her mournful Spirit being in some Measure Comforted by the Surgeon's reviving Words, she diligently observ'd the Lodgings where her Son lay, and by manifest Signs and Tokens, clearly perceiv'd it to be the Room which put a Period to her Honour, and a Beginning to her Misfortunes. And though it were not now so richly furnished as then it was, yet she remember'd the Figure and Form of it: She view'd the Windows that were strongly Fortified, which look'd into the Garden, but that which she observed with the greatest Curiosity, was the Bed, which gave her that Assurance, That it was the same which prov'd a Tomb to her Virginity, and moreover, that the same Cabinet whereon lay the Table-Book, which she carried away with her, remain'd still unmov'd from that place where she left it; and lastly, the Number of the Stairs assur'd her to be in the right, by reason she had retained an account of them in her Memory, ever since she was led blind-folded out of the House into the Street.

When she return'd home, she gave a large Account to her Mother of these Passages, who, like a discreet Woman, informed her self whether this Gentleman where the Ne-

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phew lay, had a Son or not ? And she found that he whom the Story calls *Micale-*
don, was his Son, and at that time in *Italy* ;
 and so summing up the Time that he had
 been absent from Home, they saw that it
 agreed with the Age of the Child. The
 Grand-mother gave notice of all this to her
 Husband ; and between them Two, and *Co-*
rinna their Daughter, they agreed to wait
 with Expectation, to see how the Divine
 Powers would be pleased to dispose of the
 Child, who within Fifteen Days was out of
 Danger of his received hurt, and at the end
 of Thirty was upon his Feet, and able to
 walk up and down the Chamber : In all
 which Time, he was visited by his Mother
 and Grand-mother, and was as indulgently
 made much of by the Gentleman and his
 Wife, the Owners of the House; as if it had
 been their own Child.

Moreover *Melissa* (for so was the Gentle-
 man's Wife call'd) discoursing with *Corinna*,
 told her, this Child so much resembled a
 Son of hers who was in *Italy*, that she never
 lookt upon him, but he put her continually
 so in mind of him, that he was always
 harboured in her Thoughts. From which
 Words of hers, *Corinna* taking upon Occasi-
 on an Opportunity, when she was alone,
 which in a little time after offer'd it self ;

Madam, (said she) the Day that my Parents heard of that sad Disaster their Nephew received, their credulity advanc'd to that pitch, they verily believ'd that the Divinity had wholly excluded them, and that all the Orbicular Crosses had attended them; they conceiv'd that they had lost the Light of their Eyes, whom they loved so dearly, and in such an extraordinary Passion of Love, that by many Degrees it exceeds that which Parents commonly bear to their own Children; but, as we usually say, that when Heaven Decrees a Wound, it likewise prescribes for it a Remedy. This Child has now tried that Experiment, and has found the Expedient in this House; and I my self can recollect my Memory to inform me of some Transactions which I shall never cease to forget the longest Day that I have to live, and the last Hour that I retain my Senses. I must now acquaint you (dear Madam) I am not of ignoble Extraction, by reason my Parentage proves it to the contrary, and so have been all my Ancestors, whose Progeny, with a meaner Benevolence of Fortune, have still happily supported their Honour, and Reputation, wheresoever they inhabit, being ourselves too, fallen from their pristine Glory.

Melissa was struck both with Wonder and suspense at Corinna's Discourse, considering how feelingly her Words came from her, and could not give Credit, though she had Witness of it, that so much Discretion could

be comprehended in so few Years, not judging her to be above Twenty Years of Age. So that without replying so much as one Word, she stood expecting to hear what she would further express herself in, which was at length sufficient enough to inform her of her Son's Lasciviousness and Wantonness, and of her own Dishonour, in the Violation of her Virginity; of his tying a Handkerchief over her Eyes, and his bringing her to that very Room wherein she now was, and giving her many Demonstrations and signal Tokens, whereby she certainly knew that it was the same Chamber, that did so strongly confirm her Suspicion: And furthermore, the better to confirm what she had related for Truth, she pulled out of her Pocket the Silver Table-Book, which she had taken from the top of the Cabinet: Then she proceeded in this manner.

Madam, I hope the Divine Powers, who were Eye-Witnesses of the Wrong which was offer'd to me, will in due time revenge my Cause, and afford me that Relief and Reparation of my Honour as in due Satisfaction and right I may claim that Interest. From the top of that Cabinet I took this Table-book, to reserve as a Mirror only to put me in mind of the Injury I received, but not to imprecate a Revenge of my Misfortunes, only, Madam, I beg of you to exercise your charity towards me, by assisting me with your com-

fortable and prudent Council, whereby I may the better be enabled to bear this my injured Innocence with Strength and Patience. This Child, Madam, on whom you have extended the utmost of your Charity, may, without any Imposition, claim an Alliance to you, it being the Offspring of your own Son. And for the Disaster which befel it, it was Heaven's Decree to order it so, that by his being received into your House, his Mother might hope to find some Redress in this her Calamity; if not, the Remedy which is most convenient for the curing of her Misfortunes, yet at least the means in some measure to support and refresh her fainting Spirits.

Having said this, she fainted away in her Arms, who like a noble Lady, in whom Compassion and Pity flow'd like a Stream, had scarce perceiv'd *Corinna* to Faint, but she joyn'd her Cheeks to hers, bestowing so many Tears upon them, that there was no occasion for sprinkling Water on her Face to revive her. Whilst they both thus remain'd in this kind of Extasy, it was *Melissa's* Husband's Fortune to enter the Room leading *Cesaro* in his Hand, who seeing his Wife weep, and *Corinna* lying in a Swoon by her, was amaz'd, and with great earnestness hastily enquir'd into the Cause of such a Scene of Astonishment. The Child *Cesaro* embrac'd his Mother as his Cousin, and his Grand-

Grand-mother as his Benefactress, and he likewise ask'd the Occasion of their Weeping. *Great and strange Transactions I have to relate to you, (reply'd Melissa to her Husband) the ultimate of which is, I can assure you this Lady that remains in this extasy, is your Daughter, and this sweet Child your Grandson. This Truth which I inform you of, was related to me by this young Lady, and the Physiognomy of the Child confirms it, having both of us often beheld in his Countenance the Lineaments of our own Son. If you give me no further Intelligence, Wife, reply'd her Husband, I shall not understand your meaning.*

By this time, *Corinna* had recover'd herself, she lift up her Head, holding fast the Silver Table-Book in her Hand, and seemed to be like *Niobe* turned into a Sea of Tears, all which put the Gentleman into a greater Confusion and Amazement than he was before, till his Lady had freed him from his Surprize, by informing him what *Corinna* had told her. So that at length he was as fully convinced, as if the whole had been Sworn to by substantial and credible Witnesses. Whereupon he comforted and embraced *Corinna*, and kiss'd his Grand-child *Cesaro*; and the same Day also dispatcht a Courier to *Italy*, requiring the immediate return of his Son home with all speed intimating to him, That he had concluded a

Mar-

Marriage for him, and very agreeable and suitable to his Condition, Person and Quality : Nor would they by any means permit *Corinna*, or consent that either she or her Child should return back to her Father's House, who were indeed beyond measure satisfied with the News of this good Success of their Daughter and only Child *Corinna*. They returned very often infinite Thanks to the Divine Powers, for granting them this Opportunity, in receiving so seasonable and happy a Redress.

Nor was it long e're the Post hasted speedily from *Naples*, and *Micaledon*, out of a fervent Desire to enjoy so fair a Wife, with all those Accomplishments as his Father had represented to him, within two Days after the receipt of his Father's Letter, (occasion of Passage being offered to him, for his return into *Sevil*, taking hold of that Opportunity) embark'd himself with two of his libertine Companions, who had never left him, with a prosperous Gale of Wind, in twelve Days he safely arrived at *Barcelona*, and from thence (furnishing himself with good Post-horses) in seven more he came to *Toledo*, and enter'd his Father's House in a magnificent Equipage as did exceed many in the Country. His Parents rejoyc'd in great measure to see him, after so long an Absence, and he was no less glad to find 'em

in good Health, after so long and tedious a Voyage and Journey.

Corinna, who kept herself in Obscurity, yet from a private Window had a full View and Prospect of him, that she might not transgress the Directions given to her by *Melissa*, entered into a great Consternation with her self, being dubious what Effects this Business would produce. *Micaledon's* Fellow Libertines were very willing and desirous to return presently home to their respective Houses, but *Melissa* would by no means permit 'em, they being in some measure instrumental in effecting of her Design. The Evening was near approaching, when *Micaledon* arriv'd, and in the interim of time that Supper was providing, *Melissa* watch'd an opportunity to Discourse with her Son's two Companions alone by herself: For it enter'd into her Thoughts, that these must needs be two of those three whom *Corinna* inform'd her of, which accompanied her Son *Micaledon* that Night, when he carried her away; and with great and earnest Intreaties, she besought them to oblige her so far, and to give her that Intelligence, whether they did not remember, That her Son on such a Night, so many Years since, had carried away by Violence, such a Virgin? For to be certain of the Truth of that nights Transaction, so much concerned her, that
upon

upon it depended the Honour and Peace, not only of her Parents, but of the whole Kindred.

This she required with so many Endearments, engaging herself solemnly to them, that the Discovery of it should be no ways prejudicial, but should remain in her Breast as a great Secret.

They were not a little surprized at her Words, however acquainted her, That it was not common for Associates to discover one another's Secrets ; but finding she was so urgent, and they ignorant of the Emergency of the Occasion, thought fit to declare what their Memories could recollect, and were it not in so weighty a Cause as she was pleased to Express her self, they were liable to be Branded for Betrayers of Secrets.

Then they acquainted her, That what she desir'd to be inform'd of was a Truth, That them Two, and another of *Micaledon's* Society, were upon the Ramble one Night in the Summer-time, with a Resolution to debauch some Virgin the next Opportunity that offer'd, and they did not know but that it might be the same Night she had nominated to them.

That at last they met with their wish'd-for Prize, which was a very Beautiful Young Lady, walking to take the Pleasure
of

of the Evening, accompanied by her Father, Mother, and Attendants, whom they assaulted, and *Micaledon* took her in his Arms, and posted away with her, whilst the other detained the rest of the Company, that no Obstruction might be made, nor they any ways rescue her from him.

The next Day *Micaledon* inform'd them, he had convey'd her to his Lodgings; but what farther Progress he made, they were unacquainted with, neither were they so inquisitive as to press him to any Confession, more than what his own voluntary Inclination led him to. This being all they could relate, they hop'd if it gave her Satisfaction, they discharged their Duty in obedience to her Commands.

This Confession of theirs, was the Key that unlock'd the Door of all their Doubts and Scruples, which in such Cases offer themselves, And therefore she resolved to go on with her Design, and bring the Issue of it to a happy Conclusion.

To Effect this the better, a little before they went to Supper, *Micaledon's* Mother went aside with her Son into another Chamber, and pulling out a small Picture, finely Drawn by a curious Artist, put it into his Hands, saying;

My dear Son Micaledon, I did intend this Night to make you and your Friends extreamly
Welcome,

Friends with a very good Supper, and to entertain you with a very pleasant and savoury Dish; and for your Diversion, to propose you a Bride; This is her true Effigies; but withal I must tell you, that you may consider the better on it, what Nature by her Defects has been wanting to her Beauty, is superabundantly supplied to her in Virtue and Graces. She is Noble, Discreet, Worthy, and indifferently Rich; and since your Father and my self have made choice of her for you, I hope you will place the greater Esteem on her, and not be guilty of Disobedience by your Refusal; for I can assure you, she is such an one as is most proper and worthy my Recommendation.

Micaledon beheld the Picture with a searching and judicious Eye, and after he had done so, he reply'd, If Painters, who commonly are us'd to be prodigal of bestowing Beauty on those Faces which they delineate, have been busy with Flattery in this Copy, I dare be confident to say, and may very well give credit to it, that the Original of necessity must be made when Nature was in haste; and instead of Perfection, has made use of nothing but surprizing Deformity. In truth, Madam, it is but just, that Children should obey their Parents in all their lawful Commands, but withal, it's likewise requisite and necessary that Parents, should in some measure condescend to what is agreeable and suitable to their Childrens Dispositions: Since the Bonds of Matrimony are not to be loos'd but

by each others departure from this Life, nor the Cord, which, like the Gordian Knot, be united, but by the cold Hand of Death; it were convenient, and much to be desired of every Person to have wove in this Knot where there is nobleness, virtue, discretion, and riches, to mix beauty with it instead of Deformity, which would make a composure, and a more pleasant Mansion for Love's Seat it self. Indeed, Madam, in Obedience to my Father's Commands, and yours, I can perform my Duty by my Acceptance, and should all those Gifts and Graces, which you are pleas'd to mention, meet in a happy Union, yet if the Physiognomy is not attractive, it will rather extinguish the Flame of Love, than kindle the Affection.

For if Beauty and good Features be wanting, Matrimony will soon Halt and become Lame, and contradict Love, which is its second Intention, therefore, dear Madam, as you are my Mother by the Decrees of Heaven, I humbly beseech and beg of you, that you would not let your motherly care be wanting in granting me an Object that may create Affection, and not smother it: For married Lives are often accompanied with many Misfortunes and Inconveniences, which may usurp and disturb their Quiet, and should Deformity then appear, all the little Pleasure and Delight Mankind would enjoy, must immediately vanish. If this Lady be noble, discreet and rich, she cannot want a Husband, that may
happily

haply be of a more different Temper than my self, and more suitable to her Honour, others Riches, others Wisdom, and some Beauty; of which last Property I am one of that Number. As for Honour and Riches, Thanks to Heaven my Ancestors and Parents have furnished me with a good Competency of them, and it is only Beauty that can compleat my Happiness. One of a good Aspect, brown Complexion, well Feather'd; and one on whom Nature has bestowed some Pains and Care in the Task she undertook. Such a One, Madam, I could freelier Enjoy without Honour or Wealth, than Espouse those two Idols which the World adores, when Beauty and an entire Affection are wanting.

His Mother was very well Satisfied with his earnest Motives, and strong convincing Arguments, which indeed carried on her Designs the better; and told him, since he was so much Averse to the Match she had proposed, she would endeavour to procure such a Marriage for him, as should be answerable to his Desire; and desired, That what she had said might not prove a Torment to him; it being so easy to find out a Remedy, and disanul the former Contract and Agreement. Micaledon return'd her many Thanks for her Care; and Supper being come, they immediately prepared to sit down; at which Time the Father and Mother, Micaledon and his Two Friends, being

being already set at the Table, *Melissa*, after a careless manner, as if her Memory had fail'd her: Bless me, said she, surely my Mind is intoxicated, to seat my self before the Company, and one of my own Sex wanting too, to whom I ought to be more obliging! Go immediately, and desire *Corinna* to come and Honour my Table, and to lay aside all Excuses, for here are none but Friends.

Thus far her Design was carried on, and *Corinna* had received before her Instructions. A little after, *Corinna*, with her Son in her Hand, entred the Room, presenting on a sudden, all the Splendour and Beauty that Art or Nature could contribute. She was richly Dress'd, adorn'd with Pearls and Diamonds; on her Head was a Coronet of Ribbons, Tuffs of Feathers, intermixt with Rubies, and other precious Jewels, which were interwoven with them; which cast so great a Lustre, she dazzled the Eyes of all that saw her.

Corinna was of a facetious Disposition, an affable Temper, and of a quick and lively Apprehension: Two Maid-servants led the Way, with Wax-Tapers in Silver Candle-Sticks. When they saw so fine a Master-Piece of Nature, the more they Look'd, the more they Admir'd; and all arose up to pay their Obedience, as if she had been some Angel sent from above. *Corinna* with

a pleasant Deportment, and a serene Carriage, gracefully saluted with Modesty the whole Company; and Melissa taking her by the Hand placed her by her; the Youth *Cesaro* was seated by his Grandfather. *Micaledon* was strangely surpriz'd at her transcendant Beauty, that he was charm'd into a sort of Rapture, which gave admittance to *Corinna*'s Perfections to take Possession of his Soul: He often contemplated with himself, That had that been a fair Copy which his Mother shew'd him of so fine an Original as *Corinna* produced, he had been the most happy Man in the World. Nor did her Eyes less discover her Passion than *Micaledon*'s; his Heart was so inflam'd with Love's powerful Darts, perceiving him so near who had conquer'd her Affections, that she was even ravish'd at his Presence. Sometimes she would recall to mind what had formerly past between her and *Micaledon*, and then those Hopes began to vanish, which his Mother had given her of his being her Husband; being timorous that the narrowness of her Fortune would not be sufficient to his Mother's Promises. She ponderously consider'd with her self, how near she was of being happy or unhappy for ever. And so intense was this Consideration, and such the Violence and Strength of her Conceptions and Imaginations, that it rais'd such Perturbations

bations upon her Heart, and on all her vital Spirits, that she began to change her Complexion, and to look Pale and Wan in an Instant, and presently fainted away ; and in this Trance she fell into *Melissa's* Arms.

Upon this, they all arose from the Table, being so surpriz'd and astonish'd with this so sudden Passion. They immediately address themselves to procure Means for her recovery out of this languishing Condition. But he who gave most Demonstrations of his Grief, was *Micaledon*, who being in so extraordinary Passion himself, for meer haste received two falls upon the Ground : But neither the cutting of the Laces of her Gown, nor sprinkling Water in her Face, availed any thing to bring her again to her Senses ; but the rising and palpitation of her Breast, and the faint beating of her Pulse discover'd great Symptoms of her approaching Death. So that all were in so great a Consternation, and over-whelmed with Grief, that they were fit for nothing but to entertain Despair. The Servants of the House, more passionate than prudent, made loud and doleful out-cries, That Death had seiz'd her, and she was a dead Woman ; they were altogether in so much Disorder and Amazement, that they knew not what Methods to take, or Remedies to apply. *Micaledon* rag'd and storm'd like one that's Lunatick,

natick, till his Mother endeavour'd to Re-vive his Spirits, by telling him what indeed she was not certain of, That there were Hopes of Life.

This sorrowful News, followed with such woful Lamentations, arriv'd, and soon alarm'd the Ears of *Corinna's* Parents, whom for a more pleasing occasional Scene, *Melissa* had kept private, till a proper Opportunity to make publick this her private Design.

Now, without any Orders from *Melissa*, *Corinna's* Parents hastily rush'd into the Room where they were; and whereas they thought to find but one in a Swoon, contrary to Expectation they perceived two; for *Micaledon* was become a Simpathizer in the same Condition with *Corinna*; his Head leaning on her Breast, with a Countenance like Death it self.

His Mother not perceiving this at first, as she did the Posture he was in, allow'd him that Liberty, and was very willing he should be so near her, she being the just and only proper Object of his Love: But, as soon as she saw her Son was likewise Motionless, and lay as he were dead, she was bereav'd of her Senses, and had been overcome with Passion, had she not immediately perceiv'd him breathe. *Micaledon* having recover'd himself, wasn't much out of Countenance,

penance for having been in such an Extasy, since it sprung from a sudden Passion, as the Effects of Love commonly produce.

But his Mother, as one that prophetically knew her Son's Thoughts, address'd herself to him after this manner: *Dear Micaledon, said she, ne'er let these Transports trouble thee, for they are natural, and it's useful for Lovers to be inclined to them. I am sorry I have concealed that from thee so long, but it was only out of a Design of a better Opportunity. My Intent is now to put thee out of all Suspence, and declare to you the true Purport of this Affair: You must know, dear Micaledon, that this Lady which lyes there intranc'd, your Father and myself have made choice of for your Wife; and that Picture I shewed you was only a counterfeit: I hope you'll have no cause to repent of this our care, but thank Heaven and us, for so happy a Union.*

Micaledon, at his Mother's Words, was transported with his amorous Passion, and inflamed Desire, and the Name of Husband removed all those Obstacles which the Respect and Decency of the Place seemed to oppose to his Affection: He instantly ran to Corinna, and laying his Cheeks close to hers, remained as one expecting his Soul should breathe its last; and either to bring hers back again, or leave his with hers for ever.

But

But at length, when all their Expectations were almost at a Period, and that their Cries and Lamentations had almost wearied Grief it self, *Corinna* came again to her self; and with her returning to Life, returned that pleasant Joy and Content, which for a time had absented it self from the Hearts of those that were about her. Opening her Eyes she found her self fast in *Micaledon's* Embraces, from whence, by a modest force, she sought to unloose herself; but he unwilling to let her go, told her 'twas not fitting she should depart his Arms, who held her already so fast in his Soul. With which kind Words *Corinna* perfectly recovering her Strength, *Melissa* order'd the Priest forthwith to make an end of the Matrimonial Ceremony.

Which being now fully concluded, I leave it to some choice Pen to sum up the general rejoicing of all that were present. The Embraces and Congratulations which *Corinna's* Parents gave *Micaledon*; the Thanks which they return'd Heaven, and to his Parents, the Admiration of *Micaledon's* Friends and Companions, who were so unexpectedly Eye-witnesses the same Night of their arrival, of beholding so fair a Match concluded; and their great Wonder, when they knew by *Melissa's* Discourse, that *Corinna* was the Virgini which her Son had violently carried away that Night, when they were in his Company.

Micaledon not being willing to remain in suspense, but for his better Certification, he treated *Corinna*, That she would acquaint him with some proceedings, whereby he might render himself the more capable of an acknowledgment of his Crime; since he was no ways dubious of the verity of it, because his Parents had so well approved of his Choice: Whereupon *Corinna* Reply'd, When I returned, Sir, out of that fainting Fit I was in, I found my self in your Arms bereaved of my Honour; but I think it now well bestowed, since in this my latter Recovery I find my self in the same Arms I did then, but with much more Honour and Reputation: and if this signal Token be not proof sufficient, let the Table-book be an Evidence, which none could take from you but my self, which you could not chuse but miss next Morning; and if that be the very same which your Mother has now in her Custody, you are the Image of my Soul, which I highly esteem and adore, and you shall ever remain still nearest and dearest to me as long as Heaven shall permit us to live together. Then embracing her anew, irreiterating their Kisses over and over, they saluted all the Company there with them; they having now a little respite of time, *Micaledon's* Father enquir'd of him concerning his *Travels*, how he had improv'd

his Time, and what Diversion he had met withal

Whereupon *Micaledon* reply'd, He was very well received, and met with very Facetious Company, and that in the Return of his Journey, they were much diverted with Pleasant Stories.

Then Embracing her again, the Company was Entertained with a costly Supper, the Musick Playing, whilst *Micaledon* only Feasted himself with the Presence of his Fair *Corinna*, by which time it grew late, when every one took Leave with Joy and Satisfaction; leaving him to restore that Virginity he had Robbed her of, by making her Happy in the lawful Embraces of a Reclaim'd Husband, who ever after spent their Lives in Mutual Bliss and Happiness.

NOVEL VII.

The Unfortunate Lovers.

There lived in *Paris*, a young and beautiful Damosel, who, though she was Daughter to a poor Father, and called by the Name of *Diana*, and forced to maintain herself by her own Labour; yet was she not of so base or dejected a Spirit, but had both Courage, and sufficient Virtue, to under-

understand the secret Solliciting of Love, and to distinguish the part of well-deserving both by private Behaviour and outward Ceremony. As natural Instinct was her Tutor to it, so she wanted not a second Mein, and urging Motion, a Chip Hewed out of the like Timber, one no better in Birth than her self, a proper Youth, named *Cleomenes*, whose Generous Behaviour, Noble Carriage, and Graceful Actions, prevailed much upon her Affections.

Nor was he negligent in the Observation of her Amorous Regards; but the Yinder took, and his Soul burnt with the same fire, making him as desirous of her acquaintance as possibly she could be of his, so that the commanding Power of Love could not easily be distinguished in which of them it had the greater Predominance. For every Day he found her seriously busied at her Wheel, her Soul would vent forth many deep Sighs attended with Floods of Tears from her Eyes, thro' the good Opinion she had conceived of him, and earnest desire, as Leisure gave him opportunity for the least Conversation with her. His Disease was every way answerable to hers, for Tears stood in his Eyes, Sighs flew abroad to Ease that Grief in his Breast, which though he was unable to Conceal, yet would he seem to

cloud it, be intermixing infinite Praises of her Artificial Spinning.

Hereupon, the one solliciting, and the other, taking delight in being solicited, it came to pass, that often Access produced bolder Courage, and over-much Bashfulness became abandoned, yet no immodesty passing between them, but affection grew the better settled in them both, by interchangable vows of constant preservance, so that Death only, but no Disaster else, had Power to divide them. Their mutual Delight continuing in this manner, with more forceable increasing of their Loves equal Flame; it happen'd that *Cleomones* sitting by *Diana*, told her of a fine Garden, wherein he was desirous to bring her, to the end, that they might the more safely converse toge her without the suspicion of envious Eyes. *Diana* gave answer of her well liking the Motion, and acquainting her Father therewith he gave her leave, on the Sunday following after Dinner to visit the Garden.

A modest young Maiden, named *Ariana* following the same Profession, and being an intimate familiar Friend, *Diana* took to bear her Company, and come to the Garden appointed by *Cleomones*; where she found him readily expecting her coming, and another Friend also with him, called *Fremont* a secret Well wisher to *Ariana*, whose Love became

became the more furthered, by his friendly Meeting. Each Lover delighting in his Hearts-chosen Mistress, caused them to walk close by themselves, as the Spaciousness of the Garden gave them liberty ; *Fremont* with his *Ariana* of one part, and *Cleomones* with *Diana* in another. The Walk which they had made choice of, was by a curious long Bed of Sage, turning and returning by the same Bed, as their Conference ministred occasion, and as they pleased to recreate themselves, affecting rather to continue there, than in any other part of the Garden.

One while they would sit down by the Sage-Bed, and afterwards rise to walk again as Ease and Weariness seem'd to invite them.

At length, being Tired with walking up and down the Garden, they concluded to sit down upon the Bank, and divert one another, by passing the time away with relating every one a Story : To which they agreed, and repaired to the Sage-bank, where having seated themselves conveniently, *Fremont* began in the following manner.

A notorious Thief, having with some of his Companions, been taken as Accessary to a Murder, lately committed in *Granada*, was deservedly Condemned to be Hang'd till the next Morning at which time the Officers were to come and Cut him down :

Accordingly Sentence was put in Execution about Two Miles from the Town, and the Company had left him. About Evening, a Farmer and his Son coming home from Market with a Cart, looking about them perceived a Gibbet erected, with a Man Hanging upon it, which at first surpriz'd 'em very much, and the rather, because as they pass'd by in the Morning to Town they saw no such thing. However, the Son being over-curious, and fancying he heard some thing Groan, perswaded his Father to Cut him down, to which they both consented, and put him in the Cart, driving Home as fast as they could, by which time the Criminal recovered his Senses, and became perfectly well, the Farmer and's Son concealing the thing from his Neighbours, pretended he had brought home from Market a Man Servant, to Blind their Eyes. Now he had not been with his Master so much as Twelve Months (during all that time he appear'd Tractable, and seem'd to behave himself very Circumspectly) before he began to Think of recompensing the Man that had sav'd his Life, with damnable Ingratitude, and for that he contrived Means, and took all Opportunities to rob, which a little while after the base Wretch found out, by Stealing from him in Money and Plate, to the Value of 200 pounds, in Money.

Money and Plate in the Night-time; when all were fast asleep. Next Morning the Farmer missing his Wealth, and his Man, Concluded they were both gone together, and withal, repents him of his former act of Charity, in Cutting him down, who had Verified the Old Proverb, *Save a Thief from the Gallows, and he will Hang you if he can.* Telling his Son what had befallen him, bid him take Horse, and Ride immediately after him, and bring him back, if possible. Accordingly he did, and had not Rid far before he over-took the Spark, and by surprise Seized him: Upon which, he confess'd the Fact, and hoped to find Favour from his Father. To which the Son reply'd, (concluding it better to flatter him with fair Words) it would be better to return with him to his Father, whom he was sure, upon Confessing his Fault, and a Promise of Amendment, would Forgive him; upon which, he seem'd very willing and away they both came home, when the Farmer, when he had got his Wealth from him, Confin'd him till Night in his Cellar, and not knowing what to do with him, they agreed to Hang him upon the same Gallows, from whence they had charitably Cut him down about Eleven Months before. Accordingly they bound him, and put him in the same Cart, and drove to the Gal-

lows, where they left him Hanging, as they found him, who by Morning was perfectly Dead: The next Day being seen by some Travellers, they told it to the Inhabitants of the City, who all Flock'd in Drovers to know the Truth of it; being surpriz'd at the strangeness of the Accident; the Magistrates were amaz'd, the People astonish'd, and every one was in Confusion, so that various were the Conjectures of the People, about the cause of, it till the Farmer repaired to the Magistrates, and told them the whole Relation of the Thing. Whereat he was applauded by them, and sent away as a wise and judicious Person, the whole Country being satisfied, with the strange Curiosity of the Intrigue.

Fremont having ended his Story, the rest were all well pleas'd, and satisfied with it, Laughing heartily at the Old Man's Fancy in Hanging the Thief up in the same place and manner they found him: Having spent a little time in pleasing themselves with the Humour, the Company enjoyn'd *Diana* to continue their Diversion, by Entertaining them with a Second Story, being all Silent, she went on as follows.

In the City of *Bologna*, in *Italy*, Liv'd a Wealthy Merchant, whom Heaven had

blest

blefs'd with a Beautiful Wife, Nam'd *Dona Maria Esperansa* : She was Tall of Stature, a fine Mein, had a Charming Voice, and Plaid upon the Lute well, and indeed, nothing was wanting to make her the compleat Wonder of her Sex. She was Admir'd so much Abroad, that her Husband began to suspect her Chastity, and be Jealous over her.

They had not been Married two Years, but a Lusty Abbot of a handsome Shape, about the Age of 40, fell deeply in Love with her ; but by reason her Husband's Jealousy was so great, she was in a manner deny'd the Liberty of a Visit from her own Sex, much more the Conversation of Men ; he was at his Wits end to bring his Designs about, and come to the Speech of her : However, having some Correspondence with the Chamber-maid, made her the Instrument to Work with, who one Day, when her Master was gone a Hunting, sent for him, and introduc'd him into the Company of her Mistress, who having seen him before, and taken particular Fancy to him, was the easier to be persuaded to Surrender up all those Pleasures, which might be expected from so delicious a Beauty as her self. In short, the Business was soon agreed on, and to Bed they went, where the Abbot did what he knew not from her Husband.

both Parties being Satisfied with their Amours, the time drew nigh that they must Part, when *Donna Maria*, went to her Closet and fetcht some of her own Jewels which were very Rich and Costly, and taking him about the Neck, Kiss'd him, withal presenting him with the Jewels, obliging him to keep them for her sake, as long as Life should last ; adding, *my Dear Bernardo* (for so was our *Abbot's* Name) *If thou canst but contrive some way or means whereby we might enjoy one anothers Embraces oftner, I should think my self, of all our Sex the most happy :* To which he Reply'd, Madam. the Respect I always bare you, must of Necessity oblige me to Study all the ways Imaginable, to do you Service, especially since you have not withheld from me the greatest Happiness in the World. Assure your self I can propose a way to you, which, tho' it requires much Secrecy, yet may be done with much safety and satisfaction. *Ay,* (continued She) Pray inform me, for indeed I care not how Expeditionous you go about it ; Well then, (added he) I have a certain Powder which if taken in a Glass of Wine, will cause the Party to fall into such a Trance, that none shall imagine but that he is really Dead ; from which he shall not awake in 3 Days : This Evening I will send it to you by the Hands of your Maid, unknown to her, and

and to Morrow Morning give him half a Spoonful in a Glass of Wine ; just as he is going out, and he will fall down Dead in the Streets : Which Day let him be Buried in that Abbey, whereof I am Abbot, under a Tomb near the Cloyster : From whence I will convey him at Night into a Dark Dungeon, where he shall lye till he awakes the Third day ; Then two of my Black Domesticks shall Lash him seven times a Day, till he thoroughly repents him of his former Jealousies, believing himself in reality Dead and in Purgatory. Bless me (reply'd Donna Maria) a Projection more worth than all the Pleasures I can afford thee, linger not Bernardo, but be gone, and as sure as I receive this from thy Hands, so sure will I cause him to Drink it. Whereat, taking of each other a parting Kiss, Bernardo went home to his Abby, and prepar'd his Powder ready for the Maid, so soon as he could see her ; which was not long after he got home. As soon as he descri'd her, he Sealed up in a Box, and gave it her to carry to her Mistress. According she did ; and her Mistress the next Morning, seem'd mighty pleasant on her impotent Husband, at his Rising, and withal, ask'd him to drink a Glass of Wine and Eat a Bisket, before he went abroad, pretending that to go out with an Empty Stomach, wou'd be Prejudicial to his Health
To

To all which, the little mistrusting Animal consented, and drank what she prepar'd for him, and went about his Business: He had not gone out of the Sight of his House, the length of Three Streets, but he fell a Nodding and Reeling as he went, till at last he dropt down, as it were Stone Dead; nor could any Means the Standers by us'd, produce any Symptoms of Life in him. His Wife and Friends were hereupon sent for, who Lamented much the Loss of him. The Wife thought it high time to Bury him the next Day, which she did in the same Tomb the Abbot had told her of, expecting every Minute to enjoy the Felicity of her beloved *Bernardo*, which he punctually afforded her the same Day. Now, when Night came on, he Order'd his Two Blacks, (who was not only Sworn to Secrecy, but Brib'd considerably) to take him out of the Vault, and carry him to the Dungeon he had prepar'd for *Purgatory*, where they left him, till the Third Day, beginning to recover his Senses, he began to Roar out most Hideously. Whereat the Blacks, with Lighted Links, stept into the Dungeon, ty'd him up by his Thumbs; and Whipt him severely, whereat he fell a Bellowing most fearfully, still Crying out; Where am I? To which the Blacks, like Devils reply'd, in *Purgatory*, or *Purgatory*. Why, am I Dead? (said he)

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Yes, yes, cry'd they, still Flauging him severely, till they Thought it time to leave off, when one of'em withdrew, and fetcht him some Victuals ; Whereat he ask'd 'em whether it was usual for the Dead in Purgatory to Eat ; Yes, (cry'd they) and this that is set before thee, was brought by thy Wife to the Abbot, to have Masses said for thy Soul. Then he fell to Eating, crying out, Oh my Dear Honey Wife, long may'st thou Live on Earth, for this thy Kindness to me in these dark and silent Shades below. What, (cry'd they) do ye begin to Praise your Wife now, when you us'd her so Severely when Alive ! 'Tis for your Jealousy without Cause, that you are so Tormented : Come make haste, and have done that you may receive an Afternoon's Luncheon. Whereat they Strapado'd him to some purpose ; and left him Sighing out these Words : Oh, miserable Man ! 'tis True, I did Fancy my self a Cuckold, and thought *that* the greatest Plague that could be, but, O now I feel Ten Thousand times more worse Torments inflicted upon me, for being Jealous when I had not the least Reason ; Devils Torment me ! If this be Purgatory, I Wish I were in Hell ; for I am perswaded, that cannot be more Horrible ; there being Companions, which would be some Ease, or at least I should Fancy so.

Thus

Thus he Bewail'd himself Ten Months, Whipp'd to some purpose, that he was rather turn'd into the Shape of a Devil than himself. *Bernardo*, the Abbot, all this time Enjoying the Lascivious Embraces of his Wife, who proving with Child by him, and drawing near her Time; the Abbot and she believing he had suffer'd enough to Compensate his Jealousy, resolved to bring him into the World again.

The Blacks for this end had suitable Instructions, who intoxicating him with a Sulphurous Draught, made him Swear that he would never harbour the least Suspicion of her, were it possible he could be convey'd into the World again. They told him, it was not in *Pluto's* power to do this, though they believ'd his Enlargement was at hand, and that it would be owing to the many Prayers his Wife had ever since offer'd up for the Satisfaction of his Soul in Purgatory. Then giving him a strong Opiate, a Trance immediately Seized him, and he fell down as Dead. Upon this, they Convey'd him into the same Tomb where he was first Buried, where he lay till the Morning Light came thro' the Cracks of the Tomb-stone, which he no-sooner saw, but what with hoisting and heaving, the Stone being loose he moved it a one side, and got out, and found himself in the Land of the Living, but

as

is Deformed and Frightful, that every one was afraid, and ran away from him, till he cryed out, that he was such a Person, who by the Prayers of his Wife, and other good Souls, was released out of *Purgatory*: And the *Abbot's* deluding the People, by persuading them to come and feel him, they begun to believe it, and sent for his Wife, who at first poor Creature to be sure was astonished. However, she knowing his Voice, &c. took him Home, trim'd him up again, and made him serve to Father the *Abbot's* Child, living very lovingly for the future together.

No sooner had *Diana* entertain'd them with her Story, but the rest fell a Laughing to that degree, that it amaz'd some other Gentlemen and Ladies that were walking at the other End of the Garden: However, composing themselves again to a thorough Silence, they all gave an attentive Ear to the Story of *Cleomenes*, as follows.

The Arch-Bishop of Toledo, Metropolitan of the two Castiles, who was a Prelate of so great a Reputation in Spain, over which he was Primate, that he passed for a little Pope: Had a Million of Livres in Revenue, and, in effect, was possessor of the richest Diocese in all Christendom; being in the City of Sevil in Spain, caused a Shoe-maker of the City to be killed,
because

because it was Reported, That he had given out some Speeches to his Disadvantage. The Son of this Shoemaker, who was a Resolute Person, presented him before the Ecclesiastick Judge, to have Reason or Recompence for the Death of his Father, of whose Murder he gave such Clear Testimonies, that no one doubted of it ; which Obliged the Judge, the Quality of the Person considered, to Condemn the Arch-Bishop, Not to say Mass for a whole Year, as a Reparation of this Crime. The Son of the Shoe-maker being dissatisfied with this Sentence, waited till Don Pedro, the King of Spain, Sir-Named the Cruel, came to Seville, as the Report went that he would come in the Day of the Holy Sacrament, which was at Hand ; and as soon as he arriv'd there, this Shoe-maker's Son went to find him, and casting himself at his Feet, desired of him Revenge for the death of his Father, whom the Arch-Bishop of Toledo had, without any Occasion caused to be Murdered. The King asked him, Whether he had not already sought for Justice ? Yes, Sir, said he, but could find none, because that I am but a poor Shoe-maker, and he a Prelate of so High a Reputation ; the Ecclesiastick Judge, for Reparation of his Crime, hath only Condemn'd him To be a whole Year without saying Mass ; which he doth but Laugh at, having Means enough to Live without it. The King then demanded of him if this were True ? Yes, on the

Peril

peril of my Life, replied the Shoe-maker. Are
 you bold and confident enough, said the King, to
 kill him? Yes, Sir, said he, provided Your
 Majesty will Command me. Go and do it,
 said the King, and Trouble your self no far-
 ther. Away he went very Joyful, purchased
 a good Ponyard, resolving to do this Exe-
 cution next Day, which was to be the Feast
 of the Holy Sacrament in the King's Pre-
 sence. He knew this Procession would be the
 next Day, which, in that Country, is very
 Magnificent, where the Arch-Bishop would
 appear with his Train in Pontifical Habits,
 next the Bishop of Seville. He followed
 him till he came before the Palace Royal,
 where the King and all the Court were, to
 see the Procession pass by. He being there
 ready Provided, aiming right at his Heart,
 gave him Two Severe Strokes with his Po-
 nyard, so that he fell down Dead at his feet.
 The Horrour of this strange Spectacle, gave
 Astonishment to all the Beholders. He was
 Seized and carried to Prison, that he might
 have Justice. There was so great a Noise
 that the King doubting what it was, asked,
 What was the matter? He was told of the
 Wretch, who was leading to Prison: The
 King Commanded he should be brought be-
 fore him; and since every one knew, That
 the King was very Severe, as was said before,
 having for that Cause, the Name of Cruel
 attributed

attributed to him, every one expected from him
 a horrible Punishment for so detestible a Crime.
 The King having the Prisoner before him, in
 the presence of the Honourable Assembly, with
 a grave voice said to him, Come hither, Tray-
 tor and Wretch that thou art ; what wicked
 Spirit hath enticed you to commit so enormous
 Crime, before God, and in my Sight, and on
 Holy a Man as this is ? The Shoemaker know-
 ing the Interest he had with his Majesty, was
 resolved to answer boldly ; wherefore, without
 any Surprise, he thus Reply'd ; Wherefore, Sir,
 had he the boldness to cause my Father to be
 Murdered as he did, and altho' I have several
 times demanded Justice. I have been denied it
 wherefore have I not reason to do it my self ? Every
 one was astonish'd at this bold answer : but
 those who belonged to the Arch-Bishop, alledg'd
 before the King that it was false, and that his
 Complaint had been heard, and that Justice had
 been done him. What Justice was sufficient for
 me, answered the Shoe-maker, so long as he was
 alive : The King would then know what Justice
 had been render'd unto him ; it was answer'd
 that the Arch Bishop had been Condemned, not
 to say Mass for a whole Year ; and that
 that was great Infamy to a Person of his Con-
 dition and Quality. And why then was this
 Satisfaction enough to you ? No Sir, replied the
 Shoemaker, because he had means enough without
 that. Then he asked him what Trade he was

answered, a Shoemaker. Go then, said the King for a Punishment of thy Crime, I command thee that thou be a whole Year without making of Shoes; and that he might have Means to live upon, he assign'd him a good Salary for Life out of the Arch-Bishop's Estate.

Thus Cleomenes made an end of his Story, which he delivered with such a Grace, that the best had heard him all the while with Admiration and Delight: Every one was charm'd with his Company, especially the beautiful Diana, whom Cleomenes embracing, they seem'd to join one another's Souls as well as Bodies; not imagining what sudden Scene would disturb them in a few Minutes: But alas, the Vicissitude of Fortune is so uncertain, that when we imagine Danger afar off, or think not at all of it, then it is most near, as the Conclusion of our Novel will discover: However, thus they spent almost the Fourth part of an Hour, when the Sun grew hot, and the Time drew near to repair Home, when Ariana began her conclusive Story in the following manner:

An honest Countryman; that had spent all his Money, and knew not where to get more, for want of which his Companions had left him, takes the honest and pious resolve of going to Church; being there, and kneeling at his Devotions, he saw on one side of him a Purse, which he seizing on, by the bulk and

and weight, he guessed there was Money in it; he soon opening it, and finding it to be so in Earnest, you may judge he was not displeased but joyful of his good fortune and that he should have so considerable a Reward for his Devotion, he clapping the Purse into his Pocket, went to find some of his Acquaintance that were in the Church he waiting at the Door, took them as they went out, and being over-joy'd at his good Luck, told them he had met with a Prize that would make him and them Merry, and if they would go to the Tavern, he would Treat them. The Sexton over-heard this but understood not what was meant by it. The Country-man's Companions soon consented, and went to a House not far from that place, where they Eat, Drank, and were Merry; and there I will leave 'em at present, to tell you, that this Purse was not directly dropt from Heaven, nor laid in that place on purpose for our Country-man, no, it had an Owner having been in the next place at Church to the Country man had accidentally dropt his Purse, and going out of the Church in the Crowd, as he put his hand into his Pocket, he miss'd his Purse and Money. He searched both Pocket and Breeches, but to no purpose, and knew not

what

what to think, nor imagine where, nor how he lost it. He remembered he had it when he went to Church, and therefore Concluded he must lose it there, or in his return, that his Pocket had been pick'd, or it had drop'd out.

He Hoped the latter, and wished to find it at Church. Whereupon, he immediately hastened thither, and finding the Sexton, tells him of his Loss, who assisted him in searching for it, but in Vain. At last the Sexton remembering he had heard the Country-man invite his Friends to a Collation, and that he did believe he had found it, acquainted the Owner of the Purse of it, who concluded, that what he had said was True; and being told of the House where the unthinking Constable was gone to, resolved to go to him, but believing there might be Occasion for an Officer, found one out, and carried him with him.

Thus accompany'd, he enter'd the House and enquiring for such Guests, was soon told where they were. He went to them and in few Words made them understand his Business, That he had that Day lost a Purse of Money in the Church. that he understood one in that Company had taken it, and therefore Demanded Restoration.

The Country-man at this was surpriz'd, but being down-right Honest, and knowing it

it would be a Folly to be otherways, for he had it about him, and had Discourfed too largely in the House, for his Purchase to be concealed ; he therefore owns the finding of the Purse and Money, but withal desires to know the Marks of the Purse, and Quantity of the Money. He was particularly told the Marks ; and that there was in it 5 l. just : He therefore took out the Purse, poured out the Money, and told it over, and finding there was 4 l. 1 s. in it, he said, truly Sir, it is very right, here is 4 l. 1 s. and 5 s. which I have spent of it, makes it very right to a Farthing ; and therefore you may have it. Nay, said the Owner, but what must I have ? All that I have, said our Countryman, you can have no more for 5 s. is spent. I care not for that, said the Owner, 5 l. there was, and 5 l. I will have. But you cannot, said one ; *You can't have more of a Cat than her Skin*, nor no more Money of him than he has left. But I will, said the other, and there upon commanded the Officer to lay hold on the Country-man, which he he ring, first laid hold on the Money, and put it in his Pocket, and finding he was to be troubled for the Money. he intended that it should not be for so small a Parcel as 5 s. but for it all ; and being resolved to escape if he could, he gave them the Slip, and away he ran out of Doors : He was pursued by the Officer and

and the Owner, which he seeing, made the more haste; and being hindred in the Way by an Ass, he took hold of this Ass to turn him out of the way, the Ass was so stubborn that he pull'd off the Ass's Tail, and so past on, he seeing himself pursued, run with such Earnestness, that he threw down a Woman big with Child, and running over her, made her miscarry; and being thus unfortunate, still running on, happen'd to run upon a Ladder, whereon was a Workman mending a House, thrust the Ladder with great Force, that down came the Man, and fell directly upon the Officer that pursued him, and with the Weight of his Body, broke the Officer's Arm; and there was so great a Hurly Burly, such a Noise and Crowd, that he was stop'd; neither had he any great Mind to proceed, lest he should do more Mischief. He therefore suffer'd himself to be Seized. And now hearing our People that he had Injured, all Complain against him, with loud Confused Voices, without being willing to hear him speak, or agree to any thing, he desired to go before a Justice.

Upon this, another Officer was call'd, with whom they all went before a Justice, before whom, one demanded a Purse with five Pounds in it, which he had lost, and the Defendant had found at Church. To this he

he answered, that he might have had it, but would not, because 5 s. was Wanting, having spent it amongst his Friends, and that the Owner should have come sooner, he intended to have had it all, the Owner of the *Ass* complained against the Defendant, that he had pulled of his *Ass*'s Tail which was to his Damage, and therefore he Demanded Satisfaction; the Husband of the Woman that had Miscarried, made his Complaint, that his Wife by the Fright Miscarried, and he had lost a Child. The Officer complained of his broken Arm, and Desired Satisfaction for it. Our Defendant knew himself Guilty of all these Crimes and therefore Confest them; but without Pleading, that all was done by Chance in his Endeavouring to Escape. Well, said the Judge, I shall do you all Justice, I have consider'd that Retaliation is the best Law and the most Equitable; and therefore I do Order, that since 5 s. of the 5 l. is Spent and that the Defendant cannot return the Purse just as it was, that he still keep it all until such time as he has made it up 5 l. and then Deliver it. As for the Owner of the *Ass*, I Order that the Defendant take the *Ass* into his Possession, and Keep and Use him until such time as he has another Tail grown like the former, that it may be restored in the same Condition it was: And

as for the Woman, that she may be render'd
to the Husband in as good Case as she late-
ly was, I Order, That the Defendant take
the Woman, provide for, and keep her till
she is Well again, and Lye with her untill
she be as far gone with Child, as she was
before the Mischief, that her Husband may
have her, and a Child in the same forward-
ness. And lastly, as for the Officer, since
the Defendant ought to have the same In-
jury of a broken Arm, and that it may be
Retaliated, and done in the same manner,
I Order that he ascend the Ladder, and fall
down upon the Offender, and break his
Arm, as the other was broken.

Every one having told his Story, they
were just rising to depart, when *Cleomenes*
chanced to crop a Leaf of the Sage, with
which he rubbed his Teeth and Gums, and
Chewing it, said, there was no better thing
in the World to Cleanse the Teeth with
after Eating.

He had no sooner chew'd the Sage, and
returning to his former kind of Discourse,
but his Countenance began to change Pale,
his Sight failed, and speech forsook him,
so that in a few Minutes he fell down dead.
Diana perceiving this, quickly fell a wring-
ing her Hands, and cryed for Help to *Fre-*
mont and *Ariana*, who immediately assisted
her. They finding *Cleomenes* not only Dead

but his Body swollen very much, and all over cover'd with ugly black Spots. *Fremont* cryed out presently, saying, Ah Cruel *Diana*! thou hast Poysoned him!

These Words, and their shrill Out-cries also, were heard by the Neighbours hard by, who coming in suddenly upon them, and seeing *Cleomenes* lying dead, and hugely Swollen, *Fremont* likewise Complaining, and Accusing *Diana* to have Poisoned him, she made no Answer, but standing Amaz'd, all her Senses being Confounded, at such a strange and surprizing Accident, in losing him whome she so dearly Loved, knew not how to Excuse her self, and therefore every one verily believed, that *Fremont* had not unjustly Accused her. Poor, dejected Virgin, thus was she instantly Apprehended, and Drowned in her Tears, they led her directly to the Justiciary's, where her Accusation was justified by *Fremont* and *Ariana*.

The Judge without any delay, gave Ear to the Business, and Examined the Cause very narrowly, but could by no Means apprehend that any Malice should appear in her towards him, nor that she was Guilty of his death. Wherefore in the presence of *Diana* he desired to see the dead Body, and the Place it fell down dead in, because

cause there he intended to have her Relate
 how she saw the Accident happen, that her
 own Speeches might Condemn her, where-
 as the Case yet remained doubtful, and be-
 yond his Comprehension. So that without
 any further Noise, and to avoid the Mob,
 they departed from the Bench of Justice,
 and came to the place where *Cleomenes* Bo-
 dy was swollen like a Tun. Demanding
 here Questions concerning his Behaviour
 when they Walked in discourse together,
 and not a little Admiring the manner of his
 Death, while he stood Advisedly Consider-
 ing thereon.

She going to the Bed of Sage, rehearsed
 the foregoing Relation, from the beginning
 to the end ; and the better to make the
 Case understood, without the least Colour
 of Disrespect to *Cleomenes*, according as she
 had seen him do, even so did she pluck up
 another Leaf of *Sage*, rubbing her Teeth
 with it, and Champed it as he had done
 before.

Fremont, and other intimate Friends of
Cleomenes, having Observed in what man-
 ner she was about to use the Sage, as her
 last Refuge to Acquit or Condemn her ; in
 the Presence of the Judge, Smiling at it,
 mocked and Derided whatever she said or
 did. And, incensing the Judge, Desired
 more Earnestly, That Sentence of Death
 should be pronounced

against her, that her Body might be consumed with Fire, as a just Punishment for her abominable Transgression.

Disconsolate *Diana*, bewailing the Loss of her dear Lover, and, perhaps, not a little Terrified with the strict Infliction of Torments, so severely urged and followed by *Fremont* and the rest, standing stock still, without answering so much as one Word; by tasting of the same Sage, fell down dead by her dear *Cleomenes*, even by the same Accident, to the great Astonishment of all there present.

The Judge standing amaz'd, and all in his Company, were silent for some time; but upon mature Consideration he declar'd himself thus. This Tragedy before our Eyes, that hath Confused us all, in my Opinion arises from the Bed of Sage, affirming it to be Venomous, or infected with Poyson, which, nevertheless is seldom seen in Sage: But to prevent Mischief for the future, added he, I will have it immediate-Digg'd up by the Roots, and burnt openly in the Market-place.

Upon this, the Gardner was presently sent for, and before the Judge would Depart, he saw the Bed of Sage Dug up, and found the true Occasion, whereby these Two faithful Lovers lost their Lives. For just in the midst of the Bed, and at the main
Root,

The Cruel Mother.

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Root, which directed all the Sage in growing, lay a Great Nasty Toad, weltering as it were in a Hole full of Venom and Poyson, by which means, 'twas the Opinion of the Judge, and all the rest, the whole Bed became Infected, infusing into every Leaf of it a Poysonous Quality. None being free to approach the Toad, they made a Pile of Wood directly over it, and setting it on Fire, threw all the Sage into it, and so they were Consumed together.

NOVEL VIII.

The Cruel Mother.

IT is not Long since, Exempt from the Impetuosities of a Distracted Town, I took a Walk from fair *Augusta's* Walls, in a Morning when all the Stores of the Earth were turn'd to Perfumes, to purge the grosser Air from infectious Scents. The Birds Sung me along ; and as I Rov'd through the Flowery Fields, fancied my self in another World. I was Afraid to look Back, and that Fear added Wings to my pace, and none could condemn the Distractions of the *Town* more than my self. Thus fixt in Mind, I came to the back-side of a spacious

F 3

Garden

Garden, whose Walls Erected it so high as if it were Proud of the Inclosure. Here free from Sight, I sat down beneath a Tree to Rest my Limbs a little, that they might carry me farther thro' this Terrestrial Enjoyment. And, to increase my Pleasure, pull'd out a Flute and Sonato, lately prickt from the Original of a fine Master.

I no sooner began to Play, but heard a Sigh so Vast and Doleful, that I concluded whoever it came from, it must needs have broke the Owner's Heart. Bless me, cry'd I to my self, what means this Sigh? 'Tis surely the Voice of one disorder'd by Love or the Groans of some Wounded Person. Rise, (continued I) and pursue the Sound: Perhaps, Heaven has brought thee hither to be a welcome Preserver of Life.

As soon as I arose, so soon a Voice stopt me, which breath'd forth with a Mournful Tune the following Lines.

*Forsaken Anna, poor distracted Maid!
Bar'd of thy Love, and by thy Friends betray'd.
Why dost thou seek to Live, when Living here,
Is but a Torment, whilst we Live in Fear?
Follow thy Love then, Anna, to a place
Where none but Virtuous Souls its Paths do trace
Strike home and at one Blow Console thy Breast,
By letting fly thy Soul i' immortal Rest.*

At

At which a Groan came through my Ears,
enough to rend my Soul : Rising in an In-
stant up, I ran backwards and forwards,
from one place to another, hoping to find
the Party who sent it.

At last under a Myrtle, I esp'y'd a Young
Lady, calmly pouring out her Soul with her
Blood ; she had fallen off her Seat, with
the Blow she made by a Ponyard, which lay
by her Side, and she was not so far gone,
but I could discover in her Lips and Cheeks
a vanishing Cloud of the greatest Beauty in
the World : Her Eyes were shut, her Hair
Poudered, with Pearly Tears, hung in for-
saken Curls, about her Neck and Breast :
She had Unlaced herself, to facilitate the
Design, which at once discovered to me
both the Miracles of Nature and Art.

Under the right Breast was the Wound,
from whence flow'd a ghastly stream of
Blood, which had already render'd her
Speechless, tho I guess'd not Mortal. Mov'd
with this Sight, I thought it dangerous to
delay applying my self ; I took her round
the Waste, and lifting her up, concluding,
at least, she might open her Eyes before she
surrendered her Life, and the Sight of me
force a Word or two from her ; I raised
her gently, and with my Handkerchief stopt

the effusion of Blood, and ran to a Rivulet hard by, and brought my Hat full of Water, which I sprinkled on her Face; whereat I perceiv'd some Life: Her Pulse began to beat, and a Moisture spread it self over her whole Body: At length, holding her in my Arms, with my Face close to hers, she opened her Eyes, which discover'd such a Lustre to her Features, that they darted transcendent Beams of Majesty into my Soul.

She no sooner saw her self in my Arms, but she swooned away, and I really began to think, she would never open her Eyes more. Recollecting my self, I remembred I used to carry about me a small Silver Box, wherein were several choice Restoratives; immediately I felt, and as Fortune would have it, found it that happy Minute, in which I restored her to her Senses, and recovered her out of her Swoon. Then she again open'd her Eyes, and stedfastly viewing me, faintly cry'd; *For God's sake let me be Tormented no longer in this World!* *Ah, Madam,* (cry'd I) *all other Torments, I must confess, are nothing to those of a distressed Lover; and this Madam, maybe augmented too often, by Falsities and Misrepresentations, especially, if we are of an easy, facile Faith.* To which she made no Reply, but turned her Head from me, as if I had done her Wrong, by lay-
ing

ing an Embargo upon her Soul, which had just before weigh'd Anchor to sail into another World : But Madam, continued I, (thinking to force an Answer) Why do you tax me with doing Wrong to a languishing Lady who all my Life-time have made it my Business to be Serviceable to your Sex ? With that she lifting up her Eyes, reply'd, You are altogether, Sir, a Stranger to me, and I would to Heaven I had not seen the Face of one now : I suppose you a Gentleman, and should not at all Blame you, for doing what you think an Act of Generosity and Compassion, if I could in the least form an Idea of Happiness to come : But Sir, the Thread of my Life, I hope, is too far spun, to persuade me to believe such Phantasms. Madam, said I, your Supposition is true, for I was born so ; and the Argument of not forming to yourself a Prospect of future Bliss, is but a shew of one, and a specious Delusion, seeing the Decrees of Fate cannot be peep'd into, through the Opticks of Mortality ; and as for the Assurance you have, that your Life is at a Period, I would not wish you to be positive : for, Madam, I find Heaven has been more kinder to you, than you suspected : Believe me then, your Wound is not mortal, and your killing Looks may, in a little time, be strong enough to make new Conquests.

Here she interrupted me, and wish'd me to leave off all superstitious Discourse, for

'twas that, she said, which always render'd her the most uneasy:

Madam, continued I, to know the Temper of a Person, is a great Step to oblige in Conversation; and for the future, I'll take care to let no Words slip which may any ways be to your Disadvantage: But, Madam, added I, I would wish you only to make use of me as your Friend, and suffer me to lead you to yon little Cottage, where I will provide something to refresh your Spirits, and send for a Surgeon to Dress your Wound. Sir, return'd she, 'tis true, I owe my Life to your Care; and if I should deny what you ask, it would look indeed, not a little Ingrate, but an Affront to so worthy a Gentleman as your self; take me into your Protection then as a Stranger, and conduct me where none of my Friends (whose Names at present I will conceal) may find me out. Believe me, Madam, I reply'd, I will take such Care that the Surgeon himself shall not know who you are, much more how you came by your Wound, nor shall any Person be admitted your presence, but such only as you are pleas'd to command.

With that I took her round the Waste, and with much Difficulty I brought her to the Cottage; which though homely enough, yet was furnished with a great many Necessaries suitable to her Condition; I pretended to the Woman of the House, that my Sister and I were taking the Air not far from thence,

thence, where we were set upon by Thieves and Wounded; desiring her to let her lye down upon the Bed, whilst I went and fetched the Surgeon to her. The Old Woman, who was tender hearted, and commiserated her Condition, taking her up by one Arm; and I the other, we got her up Stairs, where was a Room indifferently furnished with a Bed and other Necessaries, not usually to be seen in so mean a place; down we laid her, and taking her by the Hand, and Kissing it, I cry'd, *Well Sister, I would have you compose your Self to what Rest you can, and I will, in a little time, see you again, with a Surgeon, that shall administer further Relief;* to which she gave a Nod, and away I went, came to Town, found out one for my purpose, and returned with him to the Cottage, telling him, as we went along, that we were met by Thieves, who surpriz'd us both on a sudden, and having bound me, indeavour'd to Ravish my Sister before my Face; but she whose Virtue was too strong to be assaulted in that manner, defended her self so long, till they thought some Persons were in View, when one of 'em more Villanous than the rest, told her That seeing she deny'd 'em the injoyment of her Imbraces, she should live no longer, and stabbed her in the Breast, and Rode away, leaving her for Dead, and my self bound in a helpless Condition; Withal, promising
him

him if he effected a Cure, in any reasonable time, to give him Fifty Guineas. To all which he said, he would satisfy me further when he came to see her Wound, and what Condition she was in.

In half an Hour's time we arrived at the Cottage, where I conducted the Surgeon up Stairs, and found the Unknown sitting upright in her Bed, having recovered her self something better; The Surgeon view'd her Wound, and gave me to understand that it was not Mortal, nor so dangerous as we imagined, and that the Cure shall be effected in fortnight's time; adding that she had lost a great deal of Blood, which was the occasion of her Swooning so often: that she must be Dieted removed into a better Air and have other Attendance. Then he proceeded to dressing it, and in a little time had finish'd his Work, and was ready to depart, when I put into his Hand some Gold, telling him, those Prescriptions he had ordered should be observ'd, and that the next day I would come to him again, that he might pay her a Visit; withal assuring him, that if he were as good as his Word, I would give him the Fifty Guineas I had promised.

When he was gone, I drew near the Bed-side, sat me down, and viewing her, perceiv'd a great alteration in her Looks; and thought, if ever there were a Goddess of

Love:

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Love and Beauty, 'twas now, and that she lay there Wounded : I had not view'd her long, but she smil'd upon me, and turn'd her Head away : Bless me, what a Transport was I in, to receive such a look from her ? Madam cry'd I, I vow, you may well Laugh, since you are promis'd to be Cur'd in a Fortnights time.—This I only spoke as an Introduction—Sir (cry'd she) I smile at no such thing you imagine, but at one thing I see in your Face which brings to remembrance, a Person I have formerly been very Merry with : I urg'd her to tell me what that was ; but she deny'd me, saying, Time may come I may make you sensible ; withal, wishing me to repair to my Lodging, it growing late, and not forget to visit her in the Morning. I took my leave, with a Thousand ravishing Kisses, and told her, That in the Morning I would not only Visit her, but bring a Coach to carry her to a Seat of mine in the Country, where she might Live at her own Discretion.

The next Morning I came, and saw her Wound dress'd again, and she and I, with a Sister of mine, who was my Confident, rode in the Coach Twenty Miles from Fair Augusta ; Where, in a few Days, being almost perfectly recovered, she made good her Promise, as we were sitting in an Arbour by giving me this following Account of her Life, in Words, as nigh as I can guess, to this Effect, viz.

My

MY Name is *Anna*, and as for my Country, let it suffice to say I am *English*, Born within the Walls of Fair *Augusta*, being the Unfortunate Daughter of a Wealthy Merchant, who Dyed the Year after my Birth, which is now 15 Years since I was left only to the care of my Mother, and a Body would have thought that had been sufficient : I was Educated agreeable to her Quality, and wanted not those Accomplishments which makes us more taking with your Sex : I Sung, Danc'd, Play'd upon the Lute, handled my Needle to Perfection, and what not, and if Fame did not speak too much in my Praise, was looked upon to be a singular Beauty. All these acquir'd Graces, besides what were Natural, drew many Eyes upon me, and I had not arriv'd to the Age of 12, when I began to feel something warm in my Breast : I was Free, easily persuaded, and one whose Temper was conformable to any thing I thought Rational ; 'Twas about this time I was sent into the Country to a Relations, for the Benefit of the Air : My Mother having seen me safe in the Coach, with a Maid that attended me, we pursued our Journey, there was with us but 2 more ; a Youth and his Sister, who were going within a Mile of my Relations : I was glad of their Company, and after some few Compliments, we

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drew to a more settled Conversation : The Youth was richly Dress'd, Tall of Stature, Black-Hair, of a fine Mein, and gentle Carriage, affable and pleasant in Conversation, and Innocent in his Mirth. His Eyes were always upon me, sitting opposite to each other, and 'twas in this Coach that my Unhappiness first took its Birth : We passed the time away with a Thousand pleasant Relations, and had not been upon the Road Four Hours, but we put in to our first Stage : He jumped out, offered me his Hand, and Conducted me into the Inn ; but I shall never forget his Behaviour at that time. We were not to tarry any longer than an exchange of Horses were made, and then proceed ; we Refreshed our selves, and whilst my Maid and his Sister were picking some Flowers in the Garden, he thus addressed himself to me, *Madam,* (said he) *Saluting me, If I should tell you, this little time we are confin'd to, is the Greatest Happiness I ever enjoy'd, it would be nothing but the Truth, since it has furnish'd me with an Opportunity of being alone, with the greatest Beauty in the World. Sir,* (said I, interrupting him) *you Men are too Lavish in your Praises, and 'twas what I expected from you, when I saw you first in the Coach ; Besides,* (continued I) *what you say seems only Flattery, since I cannot be made to Believe, that any one Person has had a pres-*

pet of every Beauty ; for my part I have none,
and would have you despair of finding any in me.

This I utter'd with something of Anger
in my Looks, when at the same time I
wish'd another thing : But never did I see
him more confus'd than in this first Assault,
his Colour came and went, and he was full,
and only wanted Utterance : He remain'd
silent, took a turn or two about the Room,
and at length approach'd me, saying, Ma-
dam, Flattery is so odious in it self, that barely
its Name is what I abhor, with great Indigna-
tion ; and if you were to know what induc'd me,
(next to your Beauty) to give you so just an
Encomium, I am persuaded you would be of the
same Opinion too ; Know then, for Time is short,
that I love you with so strong an Affection, that
can never be dissolved but in the angelical Em-
braces of your divine Body ; for, from the first
Minute I beheld you, my Passion took Fire, and
since that time, every Word, every Look, and
Action of yours, increases the Flame : Open,
then, dear Madam, the Affections of your Breast
to an innocent Youth, who never knew before
what Love meant : Indeed, I not only Love
(continued he) but adore you, and if I see not
something in your Eyes of a very favourable
Construction, you'll punish me with the greatest
Misfortune in the World. Whereat I could
not forbear giving him such a Glance, as
made him afterwards follow his pursuit with

more

more Vigour : He look'd immediately very pleasant, and was about speaking to me, when his Sister came in ; and we were told the Coach stay'd for us . He took me by the Hand, attended me to the Coach side, and gently lifted me in : We seated ourselves as before, and pass'd the time away discoursing of several things too tedious to Relate, and not at all Pertinent to the Matter in Hand :

About 7 in the Afternoon I arriv'd at my Journey's End, and by Reason my Aunt's Seat was about a Mile from the Town, I and my Maid was oblig'd to Walk that part of the way on Foot : He beg'd leave to wait upon me home, and desired his Sister to tarry at a Friend of his, in the Town, till he Returned : And coming to me, *Madam* (said he) *as I have hitherto been your Companion, I should be sorry if you should deny me the Happiness of seeing you safe home ;* Offering me his Hand . At which I Blush'd, and could not but discover some sentiments of Love ; and thinking to my self there could be no danger in granting him this Request ; I reply'd, Sir, 'Tis already Late, and I would not wish you to Expose your self to any thing which may be thought Hazardous. In short he would not be Deny'd ; whereat I took leave of his Sister, and Offered him my Hand

Hand. Much Discourse we had by the way you may imagine, and too much for my Memory to retain : But, believe me, then was the time he made a compleat Conquest over my Heart : I then began to give him formal Assurance, by my looks, that I loved him, and, truly my Heart was in a Flame. We had not crossed two Fields, but I bid the Maid walk on before, and tell my Aunt of my coming, on purpose that she might not hear our Discourse. When she was gone out of hearing *Carola*, for so was his Name, accosted me in this manner : *What Star directed me into the Company of the incomparable Anna, I cannot Divine ; but surely, Heaven itself has conspir'd to make me compleatly Happy. Tell me then, Madam, the Decrees of Heaven, and suffer me not to linger out my Life in a Distressed Condition, which now lyes in your Power to make otherwise ; Permit me, Madam* (continued he) *to touch those Cheeks, wherein is Pictur'd the Mirror of Love and Beauty. (withal Embracing me in his Arms, he kissed me a Thousand times, and urg'd me to tell him, whether he might expect to be happy or no ?) Bless me, what answer to make him, I could not imagine, and I stood stock still, Blush'd, and was ashamed to Utter the Desire of my Soul : At last, calling all my Spirits to assist me, I made him this Answer : I don't know, Sir, whether it is Ju-*
stifiable

justifiable for our Sex, to Confess their Passion, or no; but this I am sure, it is not allowable in me; However, I shall Venture to own, that if any Person in the World has an Interest in my Affections, 'tis your self. — Ah, Madam, (cryed he) may I believe it? Yes, Sir, (continued I) you may assure your self that nothing shall alter the Determination of my Soul; — Here the little God grew too strong and powerful for me; for I suffer'd Carola, to Embrace me, the Tears stood in his Eyes with joy, and mine ran down my Checks, thro' the Eagerness of my Passion; and if Sir, you had been to have seen us, you would have fancied there had been but one Soul in two Bodies. We had not enjoyed the Innocent and Chaste Embraces of one another long, but we drew within sight of my Aunts; At which, I told him, it would not be Convenient to let my Aunt know, either by Looks or Actions, that he was more my Servant than common Civility Oblig'd him to; and that I would have him desist coming to her House, to Pay me Visits, for that might prove Dangerous, she being a Woman of a very uneven Temper; and that understanding his Relations were not above a Mile from mine, I would take such Opportunities of walking Diversion, that he should not miss of my Conversation; adding, that if he could find out a way

way to secure us both in a State of Love, should remain always ready to obey his Commands : Whereat I pull'd a Diamond Ring off my Finger, and said, *Here Carola take this as a Witness and Pledge of what I have promis'd thee, and keep it as safe as you intend your Anna.*

By this time we came to the Gate, where I was met by the Maid, my Aunt, and other Relations, who desiring the Gentleman to enter, Conducted us both in . My Aunt would have him stay to Supper, but I was utterly averse to it ; and by several flatter'd Motions I made him, he understood my Pleasure, took his Leave; and at the Door gave me a Kiss, which ever after made the Impression of him in my Heart.

At Supper time my Aunt asked me who Carola was : I told her a Young Gentleman who came with his Sister down in the Coach with me, to see his Relations, who did not Live much about a Mile from her House, and that he importun'd me to let him see me safe Home, after he had accompany'd me all the rest of my Journey, which I thought would be Incivility to deny : She found no fault therewith, and having spent some time diverting our selves after Supper it grew late, and every one was preparing to go to Bed : for my part I was willing to lye alone ; and I had my Wish : It was in

Room adjoining to one where a Cousen
mine lay, that was as deep in Love as my
self: I Undress'd, went to Bed, and indea-
our'd to dispose my self to Sleep, but all in
vain: The Thoughts of *Carola* kept me A-
wake, and I formed a Thousand Ideas of
him: Love boyled in my Veins, and the
Apprehension of being Married to *Carola*,
made me fancy my self the happiest Creature
in the World: But then again, I consider'd
the various Risques I must run thro' to com-
pass it; that it must be unknown to my
Friends without their Consent, and I should
be cut off from a Portion, (though I had a
considerable one of my own.)

These Considerations made me very Un-
easy, Sir, you may imagine, and I laboured
a great while to keep in my Grief; but alas!
the Fear of being depriv'd of *Carola* made it
unconsoleable, and I gently eased my Breast
with these following Sighs; *Ah, Carola,*
what have I promis'd thee? Oh! unhappy
Conjuncture of time, in which I came from
fair *Augusta*. If I had not seen *Carola*, I had
been exempt from these fears of Fortune;
these Frowns which I now see on the Brow
of Fate, would have been converted into
Smiles, calm as my Virgin Years, before I
knew what it was to Love ----- And then
again, --- But why, *Anna*, why, why do you
make Life Burdensome, when as yet you have
found

found no Remora ? Fear not, Constancy in Affection, is always supported by Heaven, and who knows but all these Clouds may blow over, contrary to thy Expectation, when *Carola*, shall breath into thy Breast, a lasting Tide of Joy, thro' a happy Series of Sun Shine Years.

Thus, Sir, I spent the Night, between Hope and Dispair, and thought every Minute Ten, till the Light approach'd my Bed; and as it was always my Custom to rise early in the City, I was not willing to break it off in the Country, but arose, slipped on my Gown, &c. and went down Stairs into the Garden, it being about the middle of Summer; I made to an Arbour, sat me down and had not been there long, but who should I see coming into the Garden but my Cousen that lay in the Chamber next to mine. She saw me, made up to me, and very briskly bid me good Morrow, saying, *How now Cousin, who thought to have found you here; who the Day before had been fatigued with so Tedious a Journey?* I told her it was usual with me to rise so early at Home with my Mother and I could not forget it at my Aunts: She reply'd, *that may serve for an Excuse to them that knew no better; but I had declar'd my Condition too much that night, to make her Believe it;* At which my Colour came, and I immediately was sensible she had over heard me, and

did not know what answer to make : She
perceiving me to blush, said, *Cousin, my*
knowledge of your Affairs need not put you into
Disorder : for Sure your self, I will do no-
thing but what shall be agreeable to your Honour
and to your Advantage : Try me, by making
your Confident, and who knows, but thro my
Management every thing may succeed to your
Wish : I thought it Folly to restrain my Passion
any longer, especially from one, who I was
perceptive was capable of doing me a
regular Favour : I up and told her the
whole Affair, with every Circumstance that
attended it, That I, thinking it not impossi-
ble to Love at first sight, surrender'd my
heart to Carola, who came down with me in
the Coach : That I had, as a Pledge there-
fore given him a Diamond Ring, and we had
promis'd Marriage to each other ; adding,
that the Reason of my Disquietude had its
rise from the Apprehension of my Rigid
Parents Temper ; who I was sure if it came
to her Ears, would dispatch Letters to
my Mother, who had already provided me
a Husband, the very Sight of whom I
should the greatest Affront in the World :
concluding, That I was resolved to be true
to Carola, thro' all Misfortunes whatsoever,
to the last Minute of my Life, and that if
she could any ways assist me in so weighty
An Affair, I should always Resent the kind-
ness

ness done me. She Vow'd Secrecy, and told me, if she was not as good as her Word, she wish'd Heaven might Revenge what Injury she did me, by pouring down Ten Thousand Plagues upon her ; and so departed, being interrupted by some of the Servants rising, referring ourselves to the Afternoon.

I went into my Chamber, and began to Dress my self, and as I stood before the Window, I observed a little Page walking up and down, by the Wall of the House, looking often up to the Window, where I open'd it, and saw him hold in his Hand a Hankerchief which *Carola* had with him in the Coach : I was sure it was his by the Marks of it, which were so Notorious, that I could not mistake, especially one, The Hankerchief was Crimson, and in the middle was wrought with Gold and Silver, a Wounded Heart : This put me upon a Thousand Conjectures ; and I imagined the Page was sent to speak with me ; at which I made what haste I could down Stairs, and into the Garden I went, passing through a Back-door which was a way into the Fields, and Walked close under the Wall, till I came near him, beckoning to him with my Finger ; he immediately made up to me and I asked him if he knew *Carola* ; at which Words he fell upon his Knees, saying
Yes,

Yes and he was his Master, and had order'd him to deliver me a Letter, telling me, his Master was sensible I would know the Handkerchief again, and take it for granted, that the Page had some Business from *Carola*, with me : I took the Letter, Conjured him to leave the Handkerchief and be gone, telling him to come for an Answer about an Hour, or thereabouts, and order'd him to Watch in the same place my Approach, till he should see me with the Handkerchief carelessly display'd in my Hand : away he went and in hast I retir'd to my Chamber, broke open my Letter, and found it to this Effect.

Fair A N N A :

Wish I may Dye if I could take an Hours Rest all last Night, something, I cannot perfectly inform you what, render'd me the most restless of any Man Living : I dispos'd my self, when I went to Bed, to Sleep, but could not close my Eyes at all : I saw you perfectly in the Dark, and yet notwithstanding your Presence was Light enough to my Understanding, to make me Consider of a method to make our selves happy, by being out of the reach of Enemies ; which I will signifie to you as soon as you make good the Promise of appearing abroad, which I could wish were this Evening, upon the Mount, not far from your Aunt's : the mean time, if you Love me, assure me so of your immediate Answering,

G

CAROLA.

I had no sooner Read this Letter, but I heard some Body coming up Stairs, and being at a Scrutore, I Lockt it therein ; But O unfortunate Person and time ! Who should it be but my Aunt : *Confin*, said she, *I have now writ a Letter to my Uncle, and I want a Seal in that Scrutore, whereof you have the Key ;* Indeed Aunt, said I, *I fancy 'tis somewhere mislaid, for I am sure 'tis not about me, feeling in my Pocket.* Alas continued she, *I cannot send my Letter away without it, nor will my Husband believe any otherwise but that I am Dead, if the Letter does not carry the Impression, of that Seal.* With that she call'd the Maid, (saying, now I recollect my self, I have a Key will open it) and bid her bring a Bunch of Keys. But imagine what Consternation I was in to see her open the Scrutore ; The first thing she laid hold on was the Letter, and Read it immediately aloud ; Smiling to her self, *How now, Niece (cryed she) are you in Love* I made no Answer, but stood stock still ; nor was ever any Persons Senses more confus'd than mine. She perceiving my Surprise, said no more, but put it in her Pocket, and away went down ; I sat me on a Couch, and leaning my Head on my Arm, I fell in to a Thousand Perplexities ; sometimes dreading my Mother Displeasure, and then fearing the Loss of my dear *Carola*. Concluding my Aunt would that Night send

word to my Mother, and inform her of all my Designs ; The Preturbations continued Ebbing and Flowing in my Breast, a considerable time, till my Spirits overburthened with Grief, Sunk beneath its Weight, and fell all along upon the Couch in a Swoon ; and had not my Cousin *Dorilla* came up, I had certainly in the interim Surrendred my Life ; Bug as Fate would have it, my Aunt had sent her, to tell me to get ready to attend her in Half an Hour, Three Miles from Home ; as soon as she perceived me in this Condition, she came to me, lifted me up in her Arms, and flung open my Stays, and carry'd me to the Window, which was open and finding a Bottle of Drops, she held it to my Nose, Bathing my Temples till I Recovered, I no sooner saw my self in her Arms but I cry'd, *Ah, Dorilla, never was Maid so unfortunate as my self ! Why, Cousin, said she what disturbs you ? Disturbs me ! (continued)* Do you ask a Distressed Lover that Question now ? I never had but one Letter from *Carola* and that my Aunt has Robb'd me of——How, Replyed she) Robbed you of it ! Surely, you are a very slight Lover, in not securing your Letters better : It was impossible to prevent it added I) my Aunt surpriz'd me in Reading ; and for hast I Lock'd it in the Scrutor e ; wherein was a Seal she wanted, and I excused my self from having the Key, yet it was to no purpose

she having found one among her Keys that Unlock'd it, the Letter presented it self first to View, which she took up, read aloud, put it in her Pocket ; and asked me if I were in Love ; I stood stock still Surpriz'd, which she perceiving, said no more, but went down, leaving me in this condition.

Dorilla, having heard me all this while with Attention, stood pausing some time, as not knowing what to Answer ; at length she bid me be of good Chear, leave it to her ; And she wou'd find out a way to evade what I fear'd would be the unhappy Consequence thereof : Telling me, it was her Aunt's Pleasure I should go with her in the Coach Three Miles from Home, where we were to tarry all that Week ; and that during my stay there, Carola should come and Conduct me privately away ; and marry me the next Morning. I approv'd the Design, and told her it must be done with all the Privacy and Caution imaginable ; and that I was obliged to return him an Answer by the same Page who brought the Letter, and that none could deliver it but my self, who had a Signal sent me by him, (pulling out the Handkerchief) at the sight of which, the Page was to approach me at the Back Gate. Then (said she) you have the best Opportunity in the World ; improve it, fix your time, the Hour, and way he shall come, and

send

send it in the Letter, and do not doubt but Heaven will grant an happy issue. I did as she directed me, and I had no sooner done Writing, but we saw the Page under the Wall; I dispartch sealing it, went into the Garden, from thence to the Back-door, pull'd out the Hankerchief, and displayed it on my Arm, and the Page came to me; I gave him the Letter, and away he went.

No sooner was he gone but I was called to step into the Coach with my Aunt, *Dorilla* and my self, and setting a good Face on it, I adjusted some little Disorder, stept in and away we Drove; I had not been long in the Coach, but my Aunt begun to Question me; asking me, since I had fallen in Love in the Country, why I did not make her my Confident? This Question vexing me to the Heart, forced out this rash Answer: Indeed Aunt, if I were, as you say, in Love, I know no reason I should Proclaim it. Well, Neice cry'd she, now you are here, you are under my Protection, and never fear but I will take such care of you, that my Sister shall find you in the same Condition as you came from her; I made her no Answer, but look'd Melancholly, and thought she wou'd prove Mistaken, contenting my self with the Expectation of *Carola*, and that in a little time I should be out of her Reach.

By

By this time we came to our Journey's end. which was a Gentleman's Seat, and something of a Relation of my Aunts. We Alighted, and all 3 Walked together till we came up to the Gate, where stood the Gentleman, his Lady and Son at the Door, ready to Conduct us in; They invited us to refresh our selves, and having sat down a little it grew near Supper time. The Eyes of their Son was upon me, and, as I was afterwards told, I had raised a secret passion in his Breast, and my Aunt was pleas'd to tell me alone in the Garden, that if I had a mind to alter my Condition, he would serve to make me a good Husband, being one that was not at all to be Undervalu'd; for that he was Rich, his Father's only Son and Heir, and a Person of a very even Temper and Conversation: I told her, I was not willing to act contrary to her first Sentiments, and that I did not know but it might be better to slip such Opportunities, since my Mother ought to be as well Consulted as my Aunt. She lik'd that Answer well enough; for she knew my Mother was every way willing to be led at her Discretion, and withal told me, that the next Day, if I Lived, I should have the advantage of my Mother's Conversation, for she had Writ for her to come down, at the same time when she sent ~~me~~ to my Uncle.

The

This Discourse gave me to understand her Resentment of my Amour, and that she had sent to my Mother to come home, and set it all aside ; but still I Comforted my self with *Carola's* coming, which was to be the next Day about Sun-set. Soon after I saw *Dorilla*, and told her what her Mother intended, and by telling her that, engag'd her more strictly to my Friendship : for to speak the Truth, she had a secret Passion for the Gentleman's Son her self ; which till now lay hid. Being her Confident, she soon told me how and when he fell in Love with him, adding, That since I had Told her the Truth, she should always be oblig'd to do me the greatest Favour in her Power tho' the Prosecution thereof should end in her Life. I express my Acknowledgments for so Generous an Offer, and desir'd her to Contrive some way or other to fetch a Walk to the Mount, at the fix'd time of meeting *Carola* there. She consented, and said, I might rest Satisfied till that Time came ; for she would so order her Business That none should know which way we were gone. Well satisfied, we broke off our Discourse, and went into my Aunt, who order'd us to Bed together. Glad was I at such Welcome News : We spent the Night in Praising *Carola*, and pleasing one another with the Thoughts of his coming

to put a Trick upon my Aunt's Designs: But, as Fate would have it, here began my Misery ; for she lay in the next Room and over-heard us (as afterwards is prov'd) repeat the appointed place of Meeting ; For the next Morning she took no notice to us, but told her Kinsman the whole Intrigue, That he knew I was a Fortune, and that *Carola* had plotted to Steal me away ; withal begging him, if ever he had any Love for the Family, to repair with his Son to the back of the Mount, and there lye undiscovered in order to my Rescue ; adding that if she suffeard me not to meet at the fixed time, it would make me pursue such Methods which might prove more dangerous and fatal in the end ; concluding, That he might pretend no Knowledge, but that being a Hawking, his Game brought him that way. He promis'd her positively not to fail being there at the time, according to her Request. By this time it drew near the appointed Hour, and *Dorillo*, and I, having fram'd some Excuse of Walking in the Park, got out of Sight, and quickly crossing some Fields, We came to the Mount, where We staid longing for *Carola's* Approach, every Minute I Thought Ten, and lookt with all the Eyes I had to espy his coming, at last I saw him full speed Riding up to we. Stopping his Horse of a sudden, he jump'd off, and

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and caught me in his Arms, kissing me, saying, *Blame not my tedious coming, since in a few Hours I hope to make Amends for all.* Na Carola, (said I) *I blame you not, take me whither you will, and Dispose of me as you think fit.* With that, his Page being by with a spare Horse, he lifted me into the Saddle, after I had embrac'd Dorilla, and given her a parting Kiss, assuring her, she should soon hear of my Welfare.

Away we rid with all the Security imaginable, and had not left the Mount a Mile behind us, but we heard the Noise of Horses. We look'd back, and saw Two Gentlemen well Mounted, making haste after us. We put on and Run our Horses, (for you must know, I had been us'd to Riding, and was not to learn to sit a Horse then) till We came to a chalky Lane, where my Horses Foot slipping, I fell to the Ground, and broke my Arm. Carola seeing That, stops his Horse, alights, takes me up, sets me on a Bank, drew his Sword, and stood in my Defence. Who should these Persons be, but the Father and Son in Quest of us. They where no sooner come up to Carola, but they Accosted him in this manner: *Thou bold and daring Robber, deliver up what thou hast Stollen, to the Right Owner, lest this Sword make Compensation for what thou hast done.* Sir, Reply'd Carola, *I know the*

not, nor do I desire to be inform'd who you are, but assure your self, I shall Endeavour to give you all the Satisfaction the Justice of my Cause will allow: Therefore would have you make ready to receive it. With that he bid his Man make ready. They soon Engag'd, the Father with *Carola*, the Son with the Page *Carola* lay furiously on, and in a little time Dimounted him, but Scorning to take so advantageous an Opportunity to Dispatch his Enemy in, bid him Mount again, if he thought he had not Justice done him, which he did.

In the mean time, his Page had manfully Resisted the Son, and had run him through, that he was fallen off his Horse for Dead. This Exasperated his Father to such a Degree, that with one Step he made to *Carola's* Side, and Transported with the Eagerness of his Passion, at one Blow Cut him cross the Fore-head, down to his Ear. The Blood ran down apace, at which I fell into a Swoon. Fear not, (cry'd he to me) I have Justice on my Side, and where there is that assure your self there is hopes of Victory. With that, re-assuming to himself, double the Courage, he let fly at him, cut him cross the Neck, and Unhors'd him. However, *Carola* was still unwilling to take his Life. Whilst he was arguing the Case with him, Six Horses came to his assistance,

assistance, and Inviron'd *Carola* round ;
Never did Man signalize his Valour more,
his Page and he fought 'em all, till they were
quite spent, having received no less than 20
Wounds each ; and at last the Page had his
Mortal Wound. *Carola* seeing no Remedy
but to Fly for it, he lays about him, forces
his way through, and got off, When
he was gone out of sight, they took me,
Bound up my Arm, set me on my Horse,
with 3 of each side to hold me up, remounted
the Gentleman and his Son, who had
received no Mortal Wounds, and carry'd us
Back : When we came near the House I
thought I shou'd have surrender'd up my
Life, at the sight of my Mother, who stood
at the Door with my Aunt, ready to receive
me : I fell a Trembling, and had much ado
to prevent falling into a Swoon, she received
me with a look as stern as her Passion, saying :
How now, Forsooth, are these the
Fruits of my Indulgence ? Well, I will not
Reproach you with your Amours, since I am
glad you have a just and reasonable Reward :
ordering me to be carry'd up Stairs
where was *Dorilla*, who at first sight of me
fell a Weeping : She being under the Displeasure
of my Mother, for being accessory
to my Escape.

In short, Sir, I was confin'd to my Chamber,
and in Three Weeks we were all Recover'd

covered of our Wounds : During which time, my Mother and Aunt consulted together, how to persuade me to Embrace the Offers of young *Berontes*, (for so was his Name) many were the Offers they made me, but to no purpose, their Intreaties, Favours, Importunities and Commands, were only Motives to make me Admire *Carola* the more : And when all would not move me, I Remember my Mother contriv'd a Walk in the Park, for her self, my Aunt and me, where *Berontes* waited, as accidentally to meet us. I perceiv'd the Intrigue, and resolv'd nothing should allure me to forsake *Carola*. As we were walking by a little Rivulet, out starts *Berontes* from a Wood hard by, without any Attendance : He made up to us, and Saluted us in this manner : Ladies ! If I have diverted the more Nobler thoughts of your Souls from a mutual Conversation ; I hope you will Excuse me, who knew as little of seeing your Ladyships here, as I do the time of my Dissolution. However, I won't be so Rude as to put a period to your Felicity, but retire, and leave you in the Fruition of joy. No, no, *Berontes*, cry'd my Mother, you shan't put upon us so, we'll have your Company along with us ; Come, here are none but Friends, and I don't know but as much Execution may be done with your Tongue as with your Fowling-piece : giving him

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him the Wink to approach me : But still I Walk'd on like a Statue, not so much as looking upon him, nor speaking a Word. At length he drew near me, and bowing very low, said, *Madam*, it's pity to disturb you from Contemplating the Heavens. If it be any thing, cry'd I, 'tis the vanity of fruitless Love ; and I would not wish any Person here to become a Professor of it. However I am not Displeas'd, for I have fix'd my Sentiments, and can lay that Exercise by at any time. How, *Madam*, do you Mean, by Fruitless Love ? (added he) As for my Meaning, said I, I am tender of it at present, and beg you Sir, to wave this Subject : How now, Daughter, cry'd my Mother, methinks it is no Displeasure to you, to exert your Parts in Company so Civil, and well Known to one another as we are. I desir'd her to excuse me at that Juncture. Well, said she, (coming to Two Ways which met in one afterwards) to my Aunt, we will go this way and my Daughter and Berontes the other, let us see who will get into the main Path first ; They did so, and were out of sight presently, it being full of Trees and Bushes.

We had not gone far, but Berontes broke Silence, and spoke to this Effect. You cannot be Ignorant, that I have all along paid you a profound Respect ; That I have labour'd to convince you, I am capable of making you forever happy here ; That I value not my Life so,
much

much as your Favour, and that nothing can be thought Noble, though never so dangerous in the Enterprize, but I wou'd attempt to gain your Love and Esteem; In fine, (added he) my Receiving Wounds (as well as my Father) from that Traytor Carola for your sake my Laying my self at your Feet your Mother's Consent and Command, with your Aunt's approbation, my Riches and Estate perwades me to believe, that I have Merited what you so haughtily deny me. Therefore, Madam, blame me not, if Love and Opportunity put me upon new attempts.

Bless me Sir, at these Words which were pronounc'd with Colour in his Face I was struck Dumb for some time: How did I wish for Carola's appearance, whom I had not seen nor heard of ever since. I was resolv'd, if possible, to suffer Ten Thousand Deaths before he should have his Will of me; and made a Thousand Ejaculatory Prayers to Heaven to Rescue me out of his Hands. Well then Assure your self Berontes (said I) Heaven will find away to Disappoint all ill designs against my Honour, and Punish the Offender with a Reward suitable to his Desert: Know then, what you in vain Labour for I have before Heaven given to Carola, in a Lawful manner; and that it is in vain to pursue so unjust Demands, for I will Dye upon the Spot before you effect 'em: Therefore be kind to your self and just to me, by resting satisfied. No
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Hard-hearted Creature, cry'd he, with Vengeance in his Looks, I will now Satisfy myself, in Spight of thy Imperious Humour, and force a Condescension against your Will, notwithstanding the Pretensions of that Villain *Carola*. I give you therefore, but one Minute longer, to consider, Whether you will Marry *Berontes* or not. Answer me to this immediately———Well, *Berontes* (cry'd I) with a mournful Tone) though I am sensible of my immediate Ruin, by a person void of all Honour or Generosity ; yet I tell thee, not as it will any ways, Mitigate thy Crime, that the Fates will have regard to the first Instigator of it ; I am not insensible of my Mother's knowledge of your being in the Park to meet us ; and that it was agreed upon to deliver me up into your Hands.

Now, all that I have to say to thee, is this, Draw your Sword and run me thro' the Breast, and Heaven will impute nothing to thy Charge : But know, if thou wilt persist in the satisfaction of thy Lusts, that Ten Thousand Curses shall fall upon thy Head . This was the Main of what I urg'd to him, in Hopes to stir some spark of Honour in him ; but 'twas 'all Extinct, and there Blaz'd nothing but Concupiscence in his Sulphurous Heart.

He made no Answer but took me by the Arm and bid me go with him, I fell upon my Knees, intreating him to desist, but to

no

no purpose ; for he caught me by the Hair saying, *What, are you Obstinate ?* And so dragg'd me along the Grass, in order to perpetrate his Villany: I resisted with all my Might, and what with struggling and scratching his Face ; he became more calm, and rose up, giving me a Look, as if he would have pierc'd me through. No, no *Berontes*, cry'd I, thy Villany shall not be acted with Ease, and withal arose, adding, That I was resolved to reserve my Honour for my dear *Carola*. With that being next the Path, I ran with Out-Cries directly to it, and he after me, with his Sword drawn but by the way, as Heaven would have it, he stumbled in his running and fell, which gave me an Opportunity of making my Escape, so far as my Cries reach'd the Ears of some Passengers in the Road, who came to my Assistance. *Berontes* seeing this left off pursuing me, and went in search of my Cruel Mother and Aunt, to show 'em those Trophies of Honour he had so lately gain'd in his Face.

Thus, Sir, did Heaven point out a way to save my Honour, and escape *Berontes* Fury. I was still in the Park, in a Thousand Minds what to do, whether to return to his Father's, or never see 'em more : In the midst of these Considerations, who should approach me but the Old Gentleman, who
 seeing

ing me alone in a disorder'd Condition,
 under'd at the Meaning. *Heavens*, said he
what's the matter Anna? Ah, Sir, (*cry'd I*)
 have been taken from my Mother and
 Aunt, by One who would have Robb'd me
 my Honour and Life too, if possible. As
 he Storm'd, look'd Angry, and Swore
 would Revenge me, asking me where
 the Villain was: He is in the Park, (*an-*
swer'd I) he went that way, and you may
 easily know him by some Marks I lately
 gave him in the Face. *Well*, said he, *no*
doubt but I shall make him sensible of his Villa-
ny, bidding his Gentleman lead me home.
 way he went with Fury in his Looks, but
 had not gone far, before he saw at a Di-
 stance, *Berontes*, my Mother, and Aunt:
 he soon make up to them, thinking they
 might give some Intelligence of him; but,
 alas, when he behold his Son, he stood Sur-
 priz'd to see his Face in that Condition.
 Ber remain'd silent for some time, and knew
 not what to think; when he Cry'd, *How now*
Berontes, *What injoyn'd thee to endeavour a*
rape upon the Vertuous Anna? -- *Berontes*
 stood still, made no Reply, tho' they had
 already considered of a Way to Blind his
 Father's Eyes, and make him Believe the
 contrary, whatever I had told him, and my
 Mother, who thought she had most right to
 Complain, began first, saying, *It was no*
such

such thing, That *Berontes* accidentally met them
'em a Walking, That they desir'd his Company
pany with em, That they past the Time away
away till they came to the Seat upon the Hill,
Hill, where being at Questions and Commands,
mands, *Berontes* was commanded to Salute me,
me, and that I like a Disobedient and Ungra-
grateful Wretch, not only refus'd him, but
flew in his Face, and Scratching it, left those
those Marks of my Audaciousness, which she
she intended to Punish with more strict Se-
Severity than I imagin'd.

These Words of my Mother, seconded by
by my Aunt, began to claim the Old Gentle-
man's Looks, and believing it to be as they
said, shook his Head, and said no more, but
accompanied them Home to the House where
where I was in a Chamber ready to Die with
with the Thoughts of what would follow. I
I saw 'em all Four came in, and they had
not been in long, but my Mother came up
Stairs, and with Indignation in her Looks
made me feel the Weight of her Arm, by
tumbling me down upon the Floor; she
pull'd me by the Hair of my Head to the
Chimney, and Bruis'd my Head and Face
against the Hearth, to a Barbarous Degree
and if the Old Gentleman had not (hearing
my Cries came quickly up, she had certain-
ly dispatch'd me into another World. But
he took her aside, and persuaded her to be

mode

moderate, telling her, That what Injury was done, was to him, and for his part, truly he desired no such Satisfaction; adding, That was Young, and 'twas Pity to Deface the Flower of my Beauty, which was the greatest Ornament I had. With this, and much more to the same purpose, he appeas'd her, and away she went down stairs, leaving me speechless. The Old Gentleman lifted me on the Bed, and sent his Lady up Stairs to Comfort me, who with the Fright, was fallen into a Swoon, and lay for Dead; but she ran to her Closet and fetch'd a Restorative, and I came to my self. She Exhorted me to be Agreeable to my Mother's Disposition) which, alas, she little knew was to have her Son Debauch me) and that she would endeavour to Reconcile us again: The next Day I was sent Home, with my Aunt and *Dorilla*, where I was Confin'd to my Chamber, and not permitted to Visit me but her self, where I had not staid Two Days, but my Mother came from *Berentes* Father, having taken her Leave of them on Wednesday, resolving to carry me with her to London, the Monday following.

In this Condition, as I looked one Day thro the Window, I saw a Page wandering about the Walls of the House, and I immediately believing him to be one sent from

Carola,

Carola, Bless me, my Heart leapt for Joy tho' I knew not which way to come to the Speech of him. Whilst I stood contriving imaginary Means, up comes my Aunt and *Dorilla*, when immediately I feign'd a shortness of Breath: They seeing me in this condition, bid me go down and Walk with *Dorilla* in the Garden, (which you may imagine, I quickly consented to) down we went, none but poor *Dorilla* and my self where I begg'd her to Conduct me to the back-door, which she did immediately, and as soon did the Lacquey come up to me holding a Ring in his Hand, and past by Crying, *Whose Ring was this?* *Anna's* Reply'd I, with that he Walk'd from me, a little way, and turned back, and as he pass'd, clapt a Letter in my Hand, and made what haste he could.

Immediately I Retired to an Arbour, broke it open, and found it Sign'd at the bottom *Carola*; I immediately Read it, and to the best of my Remembrance, 'twas to this Effect:

My Dearest!

NOTHING Troubles me now but your Absence, and the thoughts of the Condition I was forced to leave you in; my Wounds are all perfectly cured, and I am well now, as ever I was in my Life. I have heard of your ill

Treat-

Treatment in the Park, your present Confinement, and your intended Journey to Augusta on Monday next : Assure your self, Berontes shall not go Unpunished, for the next Opportunity I see him, my Sword shall Fathom his Blood. As for your Journey, I will be there as soon as your self. Return an Answer by the Bearer. I am Happy in your Constancy, I Adore your Virtue ; and if any Man in the World is Blest, 'tis my self ; and there want's nothing now, but Lawful Embraces to complete the Happiness of

CAROLA.

Having Read this Sedately over Two or Three Times, I began to think of an Answer ; and having no Paper by me, I Thought it not Convenient to Enquire for any lest it should cause a Discovery. Invention being always quick in such Cases, it put me upon Writing on a Piece of White Sarcenet I had about me, which with my Scissers I Cut Square, and so I Writ thereon the following Words with a Pencil.

My Dear Carola.

IT Afflicts me to hear you are Troubled at my Absence, which I have found was intended

tended to my Ruin : But Heaven has kept
 pure that Honour, which, I hope in a little
 time, shall Reward all your Misfortunes.
 I am glad to hear that you are Cured, and
 in perfect Health. As for my ill Treatment
 in the Park, I shall tell you no more, That
 that I was Trapan'd by my own Flesh and
 Blood ; and narrowly escap'd a Rape from
Berontes there. My Dearest *Carola*, the
 Center of my Happiness, and the Life of
 my Hopes, I Conjure thee to meet me at *M*
 in *Augusta* on Thursday Night, (the Hour
 Nine) as you tender the Love of

A N N A

This, Sir, was all I Writ, for I was in a
 Hurry that made me fear every little stir I
 heard, and for want of Wax, sticht it with
 Silk, gave it to the Lacquey, and bid him
 deliver it safe to his Master, which he pro-
 mis'd he would, and immediately departed.
 Away went I within Doors, where was my
 Mother and Aunt sitting together, but
 durst not approach, or look her in the
 Face, for her Resentments were not at a pe-
 riod, I chose rather to go up into my
 Chamber, where I concluded to be Happier
 alone. She sent the Maid up after me, to
 bid me look up my Cloaths, and other Ne-
 cessaries over Night that I might be ready
 to depart the *Monday* following, which I
 very

very gladly did, and Slept that Night as
securely as ever I did in my Life.

To conclude, Sir, We came for *Augusta*;
where I was no sooner arriv'd, but had my
former Liberty, and went where I Pleas'd.
I was Tired with the Days Journey, and
looking out at my Chamber Window, saw
Carola Ride by being just come to Town :
The very Sight of him Transported me
and I was ready to Leap into his Arms but
Prudence forc'd me to be Quiet. Howe-
ver he saw me, Smil'd, made a Bow, and rid
away, drawing my eager Eyes after him.
This Night was another Quietude, where-
in nothing disturb'd me, nor interrupted
my Rest. the next Day, in the Evening,
Carola, my self, and his Sister, (whom he
had made privy to this Affair) met at the
place appointed, but Oh, how melting did
we meet! He was all Love ; and nothing
was in his Looks but Transport and Delight!
He fell about my Neck, Embrac'd me, We
both Wept for Joy, and indeavoured with
Kisses to incorporate our Souls. Thus we
spent an Hour or Two, and at last appoint-
ed the next Day to be Married on, saying,
He had a Friend of his that would do it,
and act Secrecy therein : Desiring me to
be ready with what I thought Valuable
of my Jewels, &c. to meet his Sister, ano-
ther, and himself, at Mr—by Ten a Clock,
where

where he would be ready to receive me. And having Conducted me almost to my Mother's door in a Coach, we imbrac'd one another and parted. I spent that Night in Locking up some Valuable Things, besides Jewels, which I sent out in a Band-box, and by Ten a Clock the next Morning was at the place appointed.

Here *Anna* broke off and fell a Weeping, and much we had to do to keep her from Swooning: She Sighed bitterly, and her Heart beat, as if the Scene had been acting over again: At length, fetching a Groan, she went on thus.

I will not Tire you with Sighs and Tears, nor deter you from Simpathizing with me: Know then, That as We were privately Conducted to the Minister's, my Mother by some means or other, came to Understand it, and with Two Cozens of hers, and some others, came directly to us, just as the Ceremony was begun, Forbid it, Threatned the Parson, took me Home, and Confin'd me again; but *that* which was the Cause of all my Grief is, They made Interest with the D. of S. to urge the K. to send *Carola* as an Officer into the Army, where, as I have been inform'd their Treachery pursu'd him, being way-laid by Six Villains, who sent him out of this World into the Joys above.

Thus,

Thus Sir, said she, I have given you a full Account of my Life, my Amours, and the fatal Consequences of a Cruel Mother, who was the first that brought me this unwelcome News of his Death, permitting me to go Abroad, when hearing it Confirm'd, I was resolv'd to put an end to my Days, being really Sensible of too great a Torment in my Breast. This Resolution, Sir, drew me to take a Walk out of Town, and act that Tragical part under the Tree where you found me.

Having ended the Relation of her Life, she fell into a Swoon, but my Sister running for some Cordials, she was quickly restor'd, and we could not forbear Weeping over her. For my part, I was too sensible of her Beauty, and knowing her to have something of Value of her own ; That I had been a Disappointed Lover as well as she, tho not under the same Miseries ; and That I had an Estate sufficient to Maintain her suitable to her Birth, Quality, and the Greatness of her Mind, I began to Think of her for a Wife. I Advis'd with my Sister, she Advis'd to it presently. In short, as we were all Three Walking in the Garden, I open'd my Mind to her thus.

Madam, I had, till of late, undergone all the Perplexities of Love, as I thought, that

H

could

could be inflicted on Mankind ; and Indeed I have in part resign'd up all my Interest in it : However, to compleat your Felicity and mine, being both Adventurers, let us Embark in one Vessel, and Sail thro' the Pleasures of Love the remainder of our life. You have not lost so much Beauty, but you have Charms strong enough to inforce me to Love you. I will not impose any Obligations on you, but must say this, As your Life is owing to me, I hope you will not think it Unreasonable to rest it in the Arms of my Protection, to be Nourish'd as Tenderly as my Soul. As for Wealth, I have what is sufficient to carry us thro' the Series of our Lives with Honour and Grandeur : and there remains nothing now, to Expel those former Clouds on both sides, and make us Happy, but that your Consent to *Hymen's* Sacred Tye, and become my Spouse.

At these Words she Paus'd, and fixing her Eyes on the Ground, for some time remain'd Silent, whilst my Sister and I stood expecting what Answer she would make. At length lifting up her Eyes, and looking upon me, with a charming Accent, Cry'd, No, Sir, you need not urge any more Obligations, than the saving of my Life, and preventing me from that base, Unnatural Crime of Self Murder, when my Eyes were

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Blind to the Heinousness of the Crime, and my Reason confounded with desperate Resolutions.

I say, you need not urge any more, and I shall conclude all, with what I said at that melancholly Place; Take me, and do what you will with me, I am for ever obliged to be conformable to your just and reasonable Commands.

Here ending her History, I flung my self in her Bosome, and embrac'd her in a tender and affectionate manner.

My Sister urg'd for a fix'd Time, which was appointed the Week after; when she appear'd with all the Endearments of Love and Beauty.

Never was Man more charm'd with the Presence of her Sex. She was Tall, of an upright Mein; her Countenance Majestick, and nothing but Cupids flew about her Cheeks and Lips.

Matters thus brought to a Crisis, we went to Church, only accompanied by my Sister, and Two more, where I Married her, and we have been Happy ever si. ce.

NOVEL IX.

The Bacchanalians.

NO T long since, at an eminent Tavern in London, where the Juice of the Grape runs as fast down Mens Throats, as Water does the Chancels in a Shower of Rain; there met Three boon Companions, whose carbuncled Noses resembled Brimstone flung upon hot Charcoal, to increase their Fire with a Gallon of red Fustian. You must know, they were but just come from the Sports of *Venus*, and having tired their Spirits with repeated Enjoyments, they were resolved now to divert themselves with the several Intrigues in which they had been Actors. Well done, says one, Come on, Boys I'll tell you something a She-friend can aver for Matter of Fact, of a certain Lady-Abbess, and which I'll give you in her own Words, as follows:

YOU know, said she, that one of my Lady Abbess's principal Pleasures consists in nourishing all sorts of Animals, and that she does not only content her self with enjoying an infinite number of Birds, but has likewise render'd Tame and Domestick, even Tortoises and Fish. As she makes no Secret of this Folly, and calls this Amusement, *The Charms of a Solitary Life*, every one endeavours to contribute to her Diversion, by making her Presents, sometimes of one

one Creature, and sometimes of another. A Gentleman having heard, that she had render'd even Pikes and Carps tame and familiar, he lent her some time since, Two live *May krills*, and two large Sea-Crabs likewise living. After having caused the Wings of them to be cut, she soon put them both into the Pond, resolving to make it her whole Business to look after the Craw-Fish; for which reason she caused a little Trough to be filled with Water, wherein she put those Fish. It is hardly to be expressed, what Pains she took for their Preservation, even to the flinging them Sweet-Meats, and Sugar-Plumbs; in fine, she only would feed 'em with the most delicate Meats and Food.

The next Day, by ill Luck, the Maid, who was to shift the Water every Day in the Trough, for the Refreshment of the Fish, forgot to do it, which was the Cause of the following Disorder.

You must know, That the last Night being very hot, one of these kind of Lobsters finding himself incommoded by the Heat, crawl'd out of the Trough, and trailed along the Chamber, till finding it self uneasy, it sought for the Water it had left, as its most natural Element.

But as it was much more easy for it to descend than ascend, it was constrained to have recourse to the Water in my Lady's Chamber-Pot, where, without Examining whether it was Salt or Fresh, it posted it self. Sometime after our Lady had occasion to make Water, half asleep, and without going out of the Bed, she

took her Urinal, but alas, she had like to have frighten'd to Death, this cursed Fish finding it self water'd with too warm a Shower, launch'd forth to'ards the Place from whence it seem'd to come, and seiz'd it so hard with one of its Claws, that take my Word, it has left Marks there for above a Week.

However, at the very same Moment she gave a Screech, which awak'd all her Neighbours, flame the Looking-Glass on the Floor, and getting up in a terrible Flight, call'd out for help. In the mean time, this Animal that had never met with so delicate and relishing a Bit, let not go it's hold. The Mother Assistant, and lovely *Cornelia* came first; but the latter had much ado to forbear Laughing at the Sight of such a Scene, however, she check'd her self as much as possible. The Mother-Assistent being dim sighted, put on her Spectacles to see what was the matter, and peering too nigh, the Crab caught hold of her Nose with t'other Claw, which added much to *Cornelia's* Distress, who was forced to cut off the Claws of that sacrilegious Creature, which till then would not abate on its Prey.

The Mother Assistant withdrew to her own Room, very much concern'd at the Mischief done to her reverend Nose; and *Cornelia*, who is the Lady Abbess's Confidant, spent the rest of the Night with her, to comfort her in this Distress.

Our *Bacchanalian* having told this comical Story, his Companions laugh'd so heartily at it, that their Lungs blowing like a pair of Bellows, had like to have set Fire to the Claret in their Guts, had not one of them stopt suddenly, and begging their Silence, began thus ;

A Certain City Spark was so passionate an Admirer of an handsome Foot, that he as often went abroad in search of such, as others do of handsome Faces. He generally fixt his Eyes on nothing else, had travell'd to most Parts of the World to observe what Nation produc'd Women with the handsomest Feet ; walked Daily to no other purpose ; and whenever Fortune blest him with the Sight of a handsome Foot and Leg, never could leave the Woman that was endowed with that Perfection till she was within Doors.

One Day, as he stood at his Door in the Country, near which he had caused to be made a very high Stile on purpose, he espied a young Woman, who, in his Mind, had the neatest, best shaped, and in short, the handsomest Leg and Foot he had ever seen. He immediately follow'd her Home, and hearing that she had but little or no Fortune, that she was very discreet, and unmarried, Courted her, and having easily obtained her for his Wife, the next Day after his Marriage sent for some of the best Painters, and caus'd each of them to Draw the Picture of his Wife's Leg. Not satisfi'd with this, he invented Twenty different Fashions of
Shoes

Shoes and Stockings, from the Pantoufle to the Buskin, and had her Leg drawn *de Novo* by all the best Masters in the County: Nay, there could not pass by the Town a foreign Painter, but he would make him have a Touch at his Wife's Leg; so that in a short time he had such a Stock of Painted Legs, as filled all the Apartments of his House, from the Hall to the Garret.

This Madness of his, caused his Wife's Unhappiness, though he loved and maintained her like a kind Husband; for to make her Foot appear to Advantage, he never would let her wear any Shoes but such as were so strait, that she was perpetually tortur'd in them: He, in the mean time was still by comforting her, and begging, that she would endure those Pains for his sake, assuring her withal, that they could not last long.

The Fane of this Gentleman's Maggot made 'em all Laugh heartily, wishing they could have a Sight of her Legs too: But, to compleat their Mirth, it growing rather Early than Late, the Clock having struck Twelve, the last began his Story thus.

LAtely, at a Person of Quality's, there being much Company, some happen'd to speak of a certain Gentleman, who to do a Kindness to a very fine Woman he Esteems and cannot Marry, gave her a Note of his Hand to pay her a large Sum, mentioning that it was for as much borrowed of her, though I verily believe she

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he never lent him any thing. A young rich Baronet, who heard this generous Act commended, told the Company, that he would do more at any time for the Woman he admires, since he would freely give a Note of his Hand to pay her not only what he would own to have Borrow'd, tho' nothing had been Lent, but also the full Interest till all were paid.

Now, some Persons who took him to be an humble Servant to a very pretty Lady there present, whose Estate lyes chiefly in her Wit and Beauty, engag'd him to repeat the Thing, pretending to believe that he would not be so Generous; and he had no sooner vow'd, that he would at that time be as free to have Sign'd such a Note as he'd been to speak the Words; but they charg'd him with his Promise, in Favour of the young Lady, not doubting, said they, but with Reason he admir'd her most. She blush'd, and our promising Spark was too far engag'd to go back. So as he is a Man of Wit, he made her a genteel Compliment, and having got Pen, Ink, and Paper, he laid them before her, and desired her to Write what she pleas'd. She looking on so publick a Thing only as a piece of Gallantry, was not offended at it, but told him smiling, that he might Write what he pleas'd himself, advising him that he had best take care what he did, for she would not remit him the least Thing he own'd to Owe her, but turn his Jest into deep Eareast. However this did not hinder him from Writing the Note, which he soon gave her, telling her very demurely, That though in it, he owned a Debt

Debt due to her, yet, as she knew he never received any thing of her, beyond a Smile, she might, if she pleas'd, never demand the Payment of the Bill, but yet, if she at any time insisted to be paid the Contents thereof, his utmost Care should be to see her satisfied.

These Words made us all mighty earnest to see the Paper, so the young Lady, after she had read it to her self, smiling, gave it to one of the Company, who read aloud to the rest as follows :

Received and borrowed of Mrs. A---, the Sum of One Hundred and Fifty Kisses, of good and lawful Louer's Coin, which I do promise to repay on Demand, being so much lent me at my greatest Need, to ease my amorous Pains; and I do hereby Bind my self to pay to the said Mrs. A---, Two Kisses every Day, for the Interest of the Principal, till it be wholly Repaid. Witness my Hand the Seventeenth of July, &c.

We all own'd, that a Miser might be as Generous as he; and that he had taken the right Way not to repent of his Promise: The young Lady also Offered to give the Note to any of us there, if we would receive it, but we told her, that it was not payable to the Bearer. So she told her *Would-be Debtor*, that she would burn it, and that should serve as a General Release, rallying him genteelly on his Prodigality, which made the Company pass some Time away very agreeably.

This Relation being ended, our *Bacchanali*

and

ans began to Sing and Roar as if Three-headed
Cerberus had broke loose from Hell, and was
 Howling for the Devil his Master. The Glas-
 ses, Pots, and Pipes, flew about till they were
 converted into *Asons*, and the Rubies round
 their Noses resembled so many Suns beset with
 Stars. Thus they Revel'd till the Vintner was
 neither willing they should stay any longer,
 nor turn them out of Doors, when they agreed
 to meet again at Nine the same Morning, but
 were disappointed by the *Watch*, who carry'd
 them to the *Counter*, and 'twas Eleven, before
 they had a Sight of my Lord-Mayor, but when
 they awoke, and found themselves Caged a-
 mongst empty Pockets, and Bags full of Lice,
 to pass the Time away one of them sung this
 Song.

When shall we meet again, to have a Taste
 Of that transcendant Wine we drank of last?
 What wild Ingredients did the Vintner use
 To mix his Wine withal? It made me lose
 My Wit before I quencht my Thirst, there came
 Such Whimfies in my Brain, and such a Flame
 Of fiery Drunkenness had sing'd my Nose,
 My Beard retir'd thro' Fear, and I suppose
 Some took me for a Comet; others far
 More distant, said I was a Blazing Star.
 The Earth methoughts, just as I was, it went
 Round in a wheeling Course of Merriment.
 My Head was ever dropping, and my Nose
 Offer'd to be a Suitor to my Toes.
 My peck-hole Face they say appear'd to some,
 Just like a dry and burning Honey-Comb.

My

My Mouth was grown awry, as if it were
 Lab'ring to reach a Whisper in mine Ear ;
 My Guts were Mines of Sulphur, and my Set
 Of parched Teeth struck Fire as they met :
 Nay, when I piss, my Urine was so hot
 It burn'd a Hole quite thro the Chamber-Pot.
 Each Vintner that I met, I kiss'd, and pray'd
 I might be bound Apprentice to the Trade ;
 One did approve the Motion, when he saw
 That my own Legs could the Indentures draw.
 Well Sirs, I grew stark Mad, as you may see
 By this Adventure upon Poetry.

The others laughed at this Song, and concluded they were in the same Condition : However they all agreed to go again to the Tavern, and Revenge themselves as soon as they were discharg'd ; which they did in a little Time after, but as yet the Frolicks of that drunken Bout has not been communicated to me.

FINIS.

5 JY 62.